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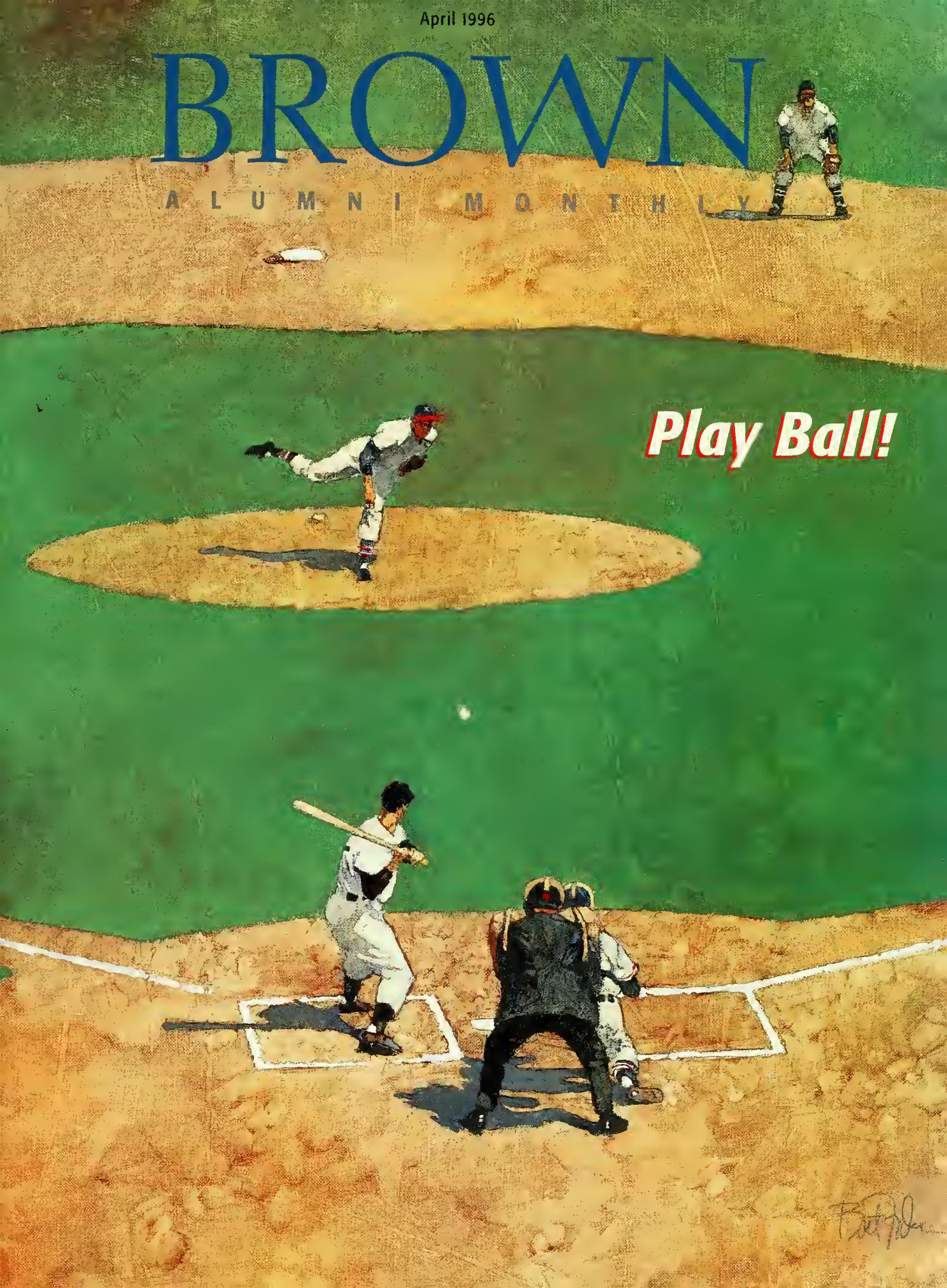


April 1996

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BROWN

A L U M N I M O N T H L Y



UNDER THE ELMS 6

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Computer whiz Janet Showers '73 thrives on Wall Street in a field – quantitative modeling – dominated by men. Last year *Institutional Investor* named her the Street's top government-bond strategist. By Janet Phillips '70

HERE & NOW

Diamond Dreams

I'm no baseball nut, not by a long shot. In a household of Yankees fanatics, surrounded by rabid Red Sox rooters, I'm a disinterested neutral party. But the quintessential American sport holds a special place in my heart.

As a little girl in Illinois I watched the White Sox on the first TV we ever owned and rooted for a second baseman named Nellie Fox. I listened to Grandpa Poenack, St. Louis-born and bred, mutter and shout as the Cardinals' play-by-play crackled from an old radio. In second grade I was happy to be considered a tomboy — remember, this was the fifties — because I played soldiers with the guys next door and collected baseball cards that smelled like bubblegum. (I can still taste and feel the flat pink square crumbling in my mouth, like a sweet communion wafer.)

When I was ten my Grandma Hinman, a Casey Stengel devotee who loved to hang around spring-training camp in Florida, drove me to a Mets game at the Polo Grounds in New York City. We got there early and lurked behind the dugout while Grandma pointed out each player by name. I can't recall whether the underdog Mets won that day, but I've never forgotten the amazing *feeling* of thousands of fans roaring, "Let's go, Mets!" in a great old stadium. Later, as an Am Civ major at Brown I contrived to write an English paper on heroes and antiheroes in

Bernard Malamud's *The Natural*, Mark Harris's *Bang the Drum Slowly*, and Jim Bouton's *Ball Four*.

While I could never throw for beans, in my early thirties I managed to slow-pitch three seasons in Brown's summer softball league. My career ended the evening of July 12, 1984, our wedding anniversary (my husband was playing first base), when a bearded giant on the computer-science team lined a gift pitch directly into my shin. Whimpering with pain, I tried to convince myself it was romantic to be carried into a hospital emergency room by my husband of nine years.

Safely off the mound, however, I've logged hundreds of spectator hours. In the sixties I watched my brother pitch in Little League games and cheered as my dad whacked base-clearing home runs for a men's softball team. Now I gab with other parents perched on splintery bleachers as our sons stitch long spring evenings into a quilt of baseball sounds and images: the *thump* of a fastball in the catcher's mitt, the thrilling crack of a wooden bat belting a triple deep into center field, dusty little kids playing tag behind the stands, ice-cream trucks jingling, intense clusters of dads rehashing each play.



Lee Richmond, class of 1880, played on the National League's Worcester team as a senior; he pitched the first perfect game in pro baseball four days before his graduation.

My memories are far from unique. In a nation that worships sports, baseball has been the one true religion. Major-league stadiums are our cathedrals, pro ballplayers our gods. But is baseball truly, as some claim, a telling reflection of our society, or merely the stuff of overblown myth? Before you answer, read historian Stephen Fox's provocative consideration (beginning on page 16) of America's diamond dreams. — A.D.

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CARRYING THE MAIL

In the naked public square

Tabitha Teresa Anne Suarez's ('97) descriptions of incredulous stares and cold shoulders are, I fear, not exaggerations; her characterization of Brown as a "naked public square" is apt ("Are You My University?", *Studentside*, February). At present, it seems that religion's "cultured despisers" own much of Brown's public space.

Although most of my professors and fellow graduate students in the philosophy department were willing to grant that one could be a reasonably conservative Christian without committing intellectual suicide, the undergraduates I came to know were often dumbfounded to learn of my faith. One quite good friend, a philosophy major, asked why I was reading a book about the doctrine of atonement. When I told him I believed in this stuff, he said: "Dean, you're scaring me." And he wasn't kidding.

I cannot help but think we do our students a great disservice if we send them from our campuses unable to grasp how, "in this day and age," an intelligent, well-educated person could believe in the God of traditional Protestantism or Catholicism. There are many ways in which I wish Notre Dame were more like Brown, but there's at least one thing Brown could learn from us: how to take religious people seriously.

Dean W. Zimmerman '92 Ph.D.

Notre Dame, Ind.

The writer is assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Notre Dame. — Editor

I was so amazed by the essay "Are You My University?" I could not refrain from responding.

Ms. Suarez's column in the *Brown Daily Herald* gives her the power to influence others. She places herself in the "naked public square" where she is rightly open to scrutiny, as is anyone who uses a public forum to promote a personal philosophy.



Further, if her anti-choice views [on abortion] prevail, a legal right held by women for two decades will disappear. Can Ms. Suarez really be surprised that people who cherish their rights are less than thrilled by that prospect?

Any individual who courageously defends a controversial belief deserves respect. But Ms. Suarez cannot expect to be *liked* for advocating the elimination of someone else's hard-won rights, even when she asks nicely and uses cuddly bird images.

Jeff MacLaren '74

Littleton, Mass.

A bear by any other name

While I applaud [University Archivist Martha] Mitchell's suggestion of the name *Ursas* (*Mail*, December) for Brown's women's hockey team, I must emend her comments. Contrary to Ms. Mitchell's assertion, pandas are in fact true bears. Recent work (and a little common sense) has shown that most serious criticisms of classifying pandas as true bears are groundless. In all important aspects of biology — nervous system, bone structure, immune system, chromosomes, DNA — pandas are most definitely ursine.

Pandas are not only bears, but perhaps the world's most unusual species of bear. And as with all bears (and good athletic teams), observers who underestimate them do so at their peril.

Matthew Carrano '91

Chicago

Oil in Alaska

Roger Leo '68 has given us a beautiful photo essay ("Northern Exposure," November), but has chosen to mar it with tendentious remarks about the oil industry. Any proposal for economic development in Alaska excites an overreaction whose intensity is proportional to one's distance from Alaska. I remember the

same hostility at Brown in 1970, when I was engaged in research for the design of the Alaska pipeline. Almost nobody would now argue that oil and gas development on the North Slope ought to be shut down. It can be argued that tourism has a far more damaging impact on the environment in Alaska.

Taking Roger Leo's figures, development of the ANWR would cover at most 12,000 acres out of 1.55 million, less than .08 per cent. He says it would spoil most of the whole area. That is simply untrue. The oil industry has the capability to develop onshore fields with minimal impact, and almost all of us who work in the industry act responsibly and make sure it happens.

There remains, of course, a wider national policy question of whether the ANWR ought to be developed, even though it can be with minimal impact. It is worth remarking that the United States has 3 percent of the world's population

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(in rough figures) and consumes 20 percent of its oil, some 15 million barrels a day. More than half of the oil is now imported at a cost of some \$140 million each day. Some of the money comes back in U.S.-based company profits and in purchases of U.S. goods and services, but the net cost to the people of America remains colossal.

Finally, Leo tantalizes us with a throwaway line: "More oil development is not the only, nor even the best, answer to the industrial world's thirst for energy." Does he mean nuclear energy? Does he mean Americans should cut their energy consumption by 80 percent to match the average per-capita consumption in the rest of the world? Would they accept the huge drop in living standards that would result?

Andrew Palmer '65 Ph.D.
London

Proud of the BAM

Most readers of the *BAM* don't need to be told that Brown's alumni magazine ranks near the top of its field. The real measure of its success isn't the awards it wins, but the fact that thousands of

alumni crack its spine each month in the sure knowledge that there will be something inside to intrigue, fascinate, or entertain them — and perhaps to surprise or irritate them as well.

No one would argue that an alumni magazine should try to bore or dupe readers, but that's the effect, in very subtle ways, when good journalism isn't a magazine's top priority. Editor Anne Diffily's piece (Here & Now, December) about the retirement of Bob Reichley, longtime executive vice president for University relations as well as a former *BAM* editor, reminded readers of this fact. A recent article in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* titled "Journalism or Public Relations?" made it clear that this attitude does not prevail on every campus.

At any given time there's probably something going on at Brown that is liable to irk any given reader. But we can be proud that our alma mater is self-confident enough not to pull any punches in its alumni magazine. I hope it will still be that way when my daughter, Emily '98, has twenty-five years of *BAM* readership under her belt.

Dana Cook Grossman '73
East Thetford, Vt. ☞



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Into the Open

*When blacks and whites date,
is it progress or cultural rejection?*

IT STARTED WITH A LIST of famous black men. While several black female undergraduates were talking casually among themselves last fall, they began to lament that some black men consider white women more attractive than women of color. The list they drew up, titled "Michael Jackson's Wall of Shame" (after the singer whose lightened skin color and altered facial features mimic those of a white person), included basketball player David Robinson, actor James Earl Jones, and, of course, O.J. Simpson.

But the list, posted on a door in Harambee House, the residence hall for students interested in African and African-American culture, did not end there. Soon the names of Brown students began to appear. For many black women the list symbolized the rejection and self-doubt they feel — the "slap in the face," says Markita Morris '98 — when black male peers date women who are white.

For Lauren Handelsman '98, however, the list meant public ridicule — the name of her boyfriend was on it. "To put him on a list of 'shameful' men and say the reason he's shameful is me is an insensitive way of expressing anger or pain," she says. "It's just mean." Handelsman complained to a dean in the Office of Student Life, who met with Harambee House residents. Despite a forum on interracial dating hosted by Harambee House, the issue did not become common knowledge on campus until several months later, when the *Brown Daily Herald* pub-



JIM DEACON

lished an op-ed column condemning the list. Letters flooded the paper, and emotions again ran high.

Dating across races has grown more common in recent years, yet it remains quietly controversial, especially dating between blacks and whites. Stereotypes reaching back to the days of slavery still linger: white women are untouchable objects of beauty; black women are coarsened by hours of hard work. These beauty myths are evident today in the attempts of some black women to straighten their hair or bleach their skin. Compounding the problem is the gender imbalance among

black university students; at Brown there are only two-thirds as many black males as females. Under such circumstances, says Markita Morris, "it's easy for a young, heterosexual black woman to start feeling she may never get married or have children."

While few people on campus openly defended the Wall of Shame list, the controversy around it brought such issues into the open. Unfortunately, according to Morris, they still surface with great awkwardness in public, if at all. She points out that "black women discuss this kind of thing every day, but because of all the political

correctness on campus people are afraid to be honest."

This sensitivity underscores today's racial confusion. What if a white fraternity brother started a list of white women involved with black men? Would it cause a University-wide uproar, as the *Herald* columnist asserted, or would it simply be "honest"? "It would be in poor judgment to display [such a list] publicly," says Morris, "but I don't think it would be racist."

As for Handelsman, although she initially wanted to "prove herself" and explain her relationship with her boyfriend to critics, she's now relieved the Wall of Shame dispute is creeping underground again. "I'm tired of defending myself against attacks from people who don't even know me," she says.

There is, unfortunately, little University officials can do to help. Administrators acknowledge the need for a delicate balance between freedom of expression and racial sensitivity. They have not responded officially to the Wall of Shame, but Associate Dean of Student Life Toby Simon cautions that the controversy could return. She says her office supports a "painful and honest discussion" of interracial dating to increase understanding between black and white students. The deeper historical questions, however, are not easily dispelled. "No matter how much talking we do," Simon observes, "no matter how much outreach, I don't know if we'd ever find closure, or even agreement." The problem, she says, is a lot bigger than Brown. — J.S.



David Jacobson (left) and Kamal Abdel-Malek are of one mind about the need for a new understanding of Jews and Arabs.

Jew in America," Jacobson says, "I was taught to see Arabs solely as enemies committed to destroying Israel." Abdel-Malek, meanwhile, grew up in Egypt at a time when all mentions of Israel were deleted from books and encyclopedias.

"My academic partnership with David is not a case of border crossing in the sense that we are crossing over to the other side," he says, "for we are not crossing borders toward each other. Rather we are both forging ahead in a new direction."

The two men hope to offer the class again next spring.

— Richard P. Morin

Brown's openness for allowing such an experiment as CompLit 81E; at many universities, he observes, Arab and Jewish

faculty will not even speak to each other, never mind teach together. "Growing up as a

Novel Approach

Sidestepping politics to study fiction by Israelis and Arabs

THE SPATE OF TERRORIST bombings in Israel earlier this year had special resonance in the Salomon Center classroom where CompLit 81E meets three mornings a week. The course, "Arabs and Jews: Their Encounters in Contemporary Israeli and Arabic Literature," attempts to sidestep the volatile politics of the Middle East to arrive at a better understanding of what it feels like to be an Israeli or an Arab.

The approach, devised by Kamal Abdel-Malek, an Egyptian and a lecturer in the comparative literature department, and David Jacobson, an assistant professor of Judaic studies and an American-born Jew, is so popular that the two teachers try, often unsuccessfully, to discourage visitors from attending their class. About sixty-five students are enrolled in CompLit 81E, which was offered for the first time this semester, but on most days at least a half-dozen parents or visiting students also jam into the classroom.

For the course to suc-

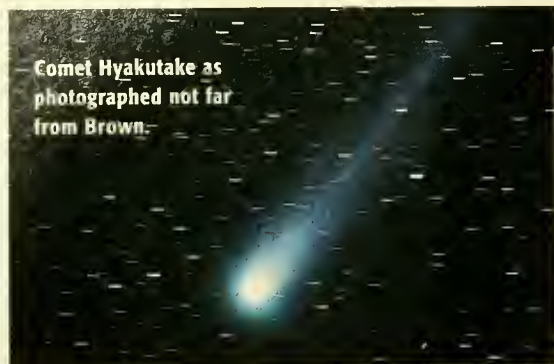
ceed, says Jacobson, students must "check their ideological baggage at the door." Only this way can they see the Middle East clearly. "Both Arab and Israeli literature share a common humanity that is not expressed politically," adds Abdel-Malek. According to Lani Habibullah '97, the course "allows you to see the people involved on the other side," an observation seconded by teaching assistant Ayelet Cohen '96, who maintains the course has opened "a whole new avenue of understanding" for her. Still, the avenue can be a bumpy one. "This is really difficult because you have your own stereotypes imbedded in you," admits Fareed Elcott '99, a student of Arab descent.

Creating the course has taken Abdel-Malek and Jacobson to the Middle East, where they met with Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres and several Arab and Jewish writers. Thanks to their efforts, students occasionally hear from the writers themselves. In early May, for example, both A.B. Yehoshua, an Israeli novelist and leader of the Peace Now movement, and Anton Shammas, a prominent Palestinian novelist, will visit the class.

Abdel-Malek credits

SINCE LAST TIME...

Among the signs of spring on campus, crocuses blossomed along the Green, and Vincent Ciummo once again set up his hot dog stand on the corner of George and Brown streets. . . . University Food Service student workers met with the Service Employees International Union Local 134 to discuss the possibility of unionizing. . . . Police and Security reported twenty-four complaints of "heavy-breather" harassing phone calls on campus during the first three weeks of March. . . . Brown officials announced that this spring a handful of undergraduates will become lifetime members of the new Royce Society, named after Charles Royce '61, whose \$3-million gift will allow them to spend up to \$4,000 on an academic or public-service project. . . . *U.S. News & World Report* ranked Brown's computer science program twelfth nationally, mathematics sixteenth, and geology twentieth in the magazine's latest evaluation of "America's Best Graduate Schools." . . . Professor of Computer Science Andries van Dam was elected to the National Academy of Engineering, one of the field's highest honors. . . . In a survey conducted by the Provost's office, students ranked the University's advising system their number-one concern, while faculty ranked it below teaching and research. . . . As of March 1, the Campaign for the Rising Generation had raised \$490 million. . . . Almost 7,000 Brown alumni — about 10 percent — are married to one another.



Comets Now and Then

Hardy amateur astronomers are looking up

WITH COMET Hyakutake loitering in plain sight of Earth, and with the moon in a total eclipse on April 3, many Brown heads have been pointing upward in recent weeks. On March 23 a party of students and amateur astronomers climbed Jerimoth Hill in western Rhode Island and got "one of the most astronomical sights any of us have ever seen," according to Associate Dean of the College David Targan, who was a member of the group.

"As seen by the naked eye," Targan later recalled, "the comet's tail stretched halfway across the sky." A few days later Targan compared notes with Jack Lubrano '24. Lubrano was ten years old when Halley's Comet passed by in 1910, the last event to rival Hyakutake in brightness.

Two days after the trek to Jerimoth Hill, Targan and friends drove to New Hampshire and climbed Mount Monadnock for an unobstructed, dark-sky view. When they were partway up the mountain, however, the sky began to cloud over. Thanks to a handy cell phone, the group was able to call Bob Horton, the University's astronomical night assis-

tant, who reported clearer skies in Rhode Island. Targan raced back with his fellow astronomy enthusiasts, but the clouds unfortunately were faster. Luckily, though, Hyakutake's schedule shifted to the early evening, "allowing me to start getting some sleep," Targan noted. — N.B.

Lessons

McNamara visits Brown

WHEN FORMER Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara visited campus in February, he was met with open curiosity tinged with skepticism. Both at a lunchtime colloquium held at the Watson Institute for International Studies and at an evening Salomon Center lecture, McNamara, who directed the military in Vietnam during much of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, wanted to talk about his global vision for the twenty-first century. But sooner or later the questions all got back to Vietnam.

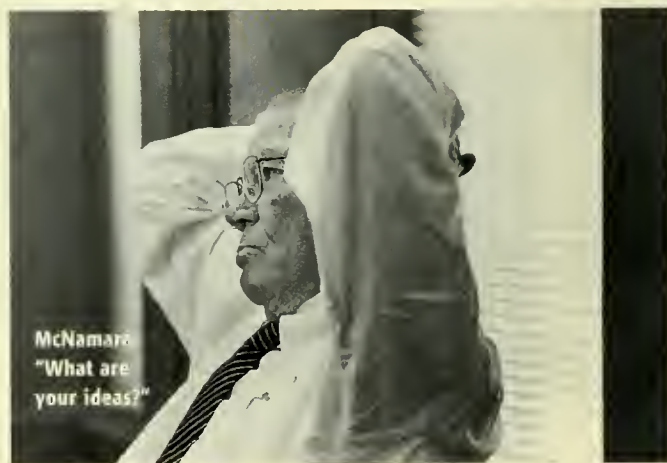
At the lunchtime colloquium McNamara described himself and his colleagues of the 1960s as "captives of the mindset that evolved in that environment" of Cold War thinking. In retrospect, one of the most heavily disputed products of that mindset has been the domino theory that

guided Vietnam policy for many years. According to this theory, if the United States were to allow Vietnam to go communist, the rest of Southeast Asia would soon follow, and U.S. officials would find themselves having to defend even Japan and the Philippines against the inexorable advance.

For example, in 1961, according to Malcolm Byrne, executive director of the National Security Archive in Washington, D.C., and colloquium panelist, then-vice president Johnson returned from a trip to Asia and told President Kennedy that if Vietnam were not defended, "the vast Pacific Ocean will become a red sea." McNamara

thought. McNamara fears a similar misunderstanding may be arising now around Muslim fundamentalism. "I don't think our government really understands that today," he said. "And I think we should."

This theme of learning from mistakes dominated his evening lecture, which he devoted to advocating total nuclear disarmament. "If we can break out of that mindset [that nuclear weapons have military value]," he said, echoing his lunchtime talk, "we can indeed put the genie back in the bottle." McNamara's audience listened politely, but their reservations were apparent during the question-and-answer period. Several



explained that "the domino theory was believed in by everyone" in senior government positions. "And it was wrong."

In recent years McNamara has been on a mission to use the mistakes in Vietnam policy as a warning for future policymakers. "There was no one," he argued at lunch, "at senior levels in government in the early-to-mid-1960s to inform the president about the origins of the Vietnam revolution and its nature," which was far more nationalistic than U.S. leaders then

people asked why they should now trust a man who helped send so many to their deaths in Vietnam. To which McNamara could only reply again that he had been wrong and is trying to learn from his mistakes.

"Look at the last chapter of my book on the lessons of Vietnam," he said, referring to *In Retrospect: The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam*, which has just been published in paperback. "It took me eleven years to write that last chapter. Those are my ideas. What are yours?" — N.B.

Hard Wired

A computer program takes charge

HUGE HARRY was complaining that humans and computers don't communicate well. Normally such an opinion might be written off as just another cybergripe, but Huge Harry's perspective is unique: he's a computer program.

At a March symposium on electronic performance during the annual Brown/RISD Pong Festival of Art and



Huge Harry stimulates Elsenaar into flexing his "muscles of sadness."

Technology, Harry enlisted Arthur Elsenaar, a Dutch artist, to help him get in touch with humans. Elsenaar, who experiments with electronic control of human muscle groups, wired himself up to a computer, through which Huge Harry demonstrated the workings of Elsenaar's "display unit," or face. Adjusting the "parameter settings" of Elsenaar's "muscles of sadness" and "muscles of contempt," Harry produced frowns and snarls with quick, violent electrical tweaks to the edges of the artist's mouth. Harry explained in a digitized voice that "a human person always seems like a black box." He droned on, "The operating system is in good working order when the muscles of happiness are working." — C.G.

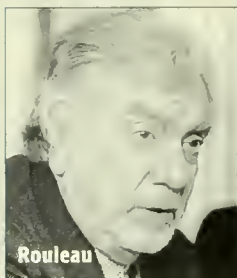
WHAT THEY SAID

In 1992 President Gregorian began the President's Lecture Series to give the University and southern New England an opportunity to hear prominent voices from the world of arts and letters. Although as many as a dozen president's lecturers visit the campus every year, an unusual concentration spoke at the Salomon Center for Teaching during two weeks in March. The following is a sampling of what they said.

"Seventy percent of the kids in America do not finish four years of college....And we do not have an educational strategy geared toward that 70 percent....When you look at the people who Pat Buchanan is talking to, understand that they are the parents of the kids I'm talking about."

■ **Hedrick Smith**, former New York Times correspondent, on March 4. Smith's PBS television documentary series include *Inside Gorbachev's USSR* and *Challenge to America*; he is most recently the author of *Rethinking America*.

"Until now, repression [of Islamic fundamentalists] has proven ineffective and counterproductive. Why is it counterproductive? Because it generates martyrs....There's no open debate with them....If you go into a debate, people discover they are not so good as they pretend they are, and they do not have the answers they pretend to have."



■ **Eric Rouleau**, former French ambassador to Tunisia and ambassador-at-large for the late President François Mitterand, on March 6. For three decades Rouleau covered the Middle East for *Le Monde*.

"Our role here on earth — the artist's role — is simply this: to provide the evidence for alertness....If we can have an art that tells the truth, and we can create a hunger in the audience for the truth, then that is art as the ultimate political force."

■ **Playwright and screenwriter John Guare**, on March 11.

"One of the stock-in-trades of the mythology about women is women's propensity for being secretive, and I think [Hillary Rodham Clinton] sort of falls into that....Hillary has not been Eleanor Roosevelt, always putting her cards on the table."

■ **Author Francine du Plessix Gray**, on March 12. Her most recent book is *Rage and Fire: A Life of Louise Colet*.

REPORTED BY RACHEL SMOLKIN '96

A Dungeon No More

Six industrious students create a campus oasis

IN FEBRUARY 1995 six students met in a dark, gloomy study lounge in the basement of the Graduate Center's Tower E. They sat in fraying chairs, their voices echoing over the old linoleum and ragged carpet as they sketched their plans for turning the cavernous dungeon into Brown's first official student center.

The idea was relatively simple. They would create a place where students could hang out, watch television, study for classes, shoot a few games of pool, or just idle away stray hours in the evening. As the idea developed, the six students — Jorge Casimiro '98, Hollie Arnold '96, Taylor Margis-Noguera '97, Jeffrey Fleischman '97, Catherine Duggan '98, and Alex Ponce de Leon '98, all then members of the Undergraduate Council of Students — met three times a week to draw up a proposal for a new center they called the Bear's Lair. Expecting the gears of the University to grind slowly, they planned to open the center in the fall of 1996. But administrators and students were so taken with the idea that by last October the Bear's Lair had opened for business. Its popularity, which has grown steadily, is particularly apparent on Thursday nights, when a solid TV sitcom lineup draws a large crowd.

"There was nowhere for students to go who don't drink, don't want to go to frat parties, or don't have a car," says Casimiro. Besides, he adds, "[prospective] students who have to choose between

one good school and another want to know what it's like to live there. We wanted to improve the atmosphere on campus."

Between the time the proposal was accepted by senior University administrators and opening day, Casimiro and company had their work cut out for them. They began by redesigning the space, literally from the ground up. They negotiated



Students pause from the hunt in the Bear's Lair.

with carpet, furniture, pool-table, and video-game vendors; bargained with Food Services for the installation and maintenance of a coffee bar; and scoured the campus for suggestions from students and administrators.

Casimiro now manages the center, whose operating funds come from profits on the coffee bar administered by University Food Services. Sitting back amid the bustle he helped create, he recently remembered the enthusiasm of the Lair's founders. Two days before the center opened, when a hasty contractor removed temporary security barricades without installing the permanent security doors, all six students hibernated overnight in the Lair to make sure nothing was stolen or damaged. — C.G.

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BY CHAD GALTS

Mertus's Gardening Web Page

WHERE IT IS:
<http://www.cog.brown.edu/gardening/>

WHAT YOU'LL FIND:
 A catalog of gardening catalogs, organized by plant type, from aquatics to wildflowers. The catalog lists suppliers, how to contact them, prices, and more.

Essays by Assistant Professor of Research in Cognitive and Linguistic Sciences John Mertus '88 Ph.D., the page's owner, on topics ranging from garlic to slugs to the economics of home gardening.

Advice from the owner's wife, Ellen Mertus, on living with a compost-fixated gardener.

A satirical back-to-nature journal of one fictional gardener's battle-royale with rabbits and deer.

Links to other Internet gardening resources.

WHAT I THINK:
 Original, quirky, and informative. This might not be the flashiest site on the Web, but gardeners will find it among the most useful and entertaining. A few minor gripes: The catalog of catalogs is helpful, but the price and quality ratings are too few and far between. The list of other Web sites is well organized but a little out-of-date.

Still, Mertus's gardening essays are worth hoeing over. The author knows more about earthworms (he includes juicy photos) than any vertebrate has a right to. And his nightmare account of how zucchini drove dinosaurs into extinction will ring true to any gardener who's tried to keep up with these prolific plants.

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Hostile Witness

Anita Hill speaks out

IN THE PUBLIC'S MIND, the names Anita Hill and Clarence Thomas will always be linked. But speaking at the Salomon Center in March, Hill pointedly refused to discuss her own sexual-harassment complaint, preferring instead to talk about racism and women more generally, from nineteenth-century slavery to today's controversy over affirmative action. So adamant is she about putting the Thomas affair behind her that she agreed to answer only selected written questions from the audience.

Apparently, though, the U.S. Senate continues to haunt Hill, as it has ever since her 1991 nationally televised Judi-



Hill: choosing the questions, still seeking the answers

ciary Committee testimony opposing Thomas's Supreme Court nomination. Discussing last year's hearings on allegations that Oregon Senator Robert Packwood had sexually harassed staffers, Hill, a law professor at the University of Oklahoma, said, "The Senate moved at glacial speed against one of its own. There

were nineteen complainants and hundreds of sworn statements, and the reaction of the Senate was anger that he had betrayed the Senate — not the women." Packwood later resigned, saving the Senate from having to peer any longer behind its own closed doors. — C.G.

The Year Brown Rose to the Occasion

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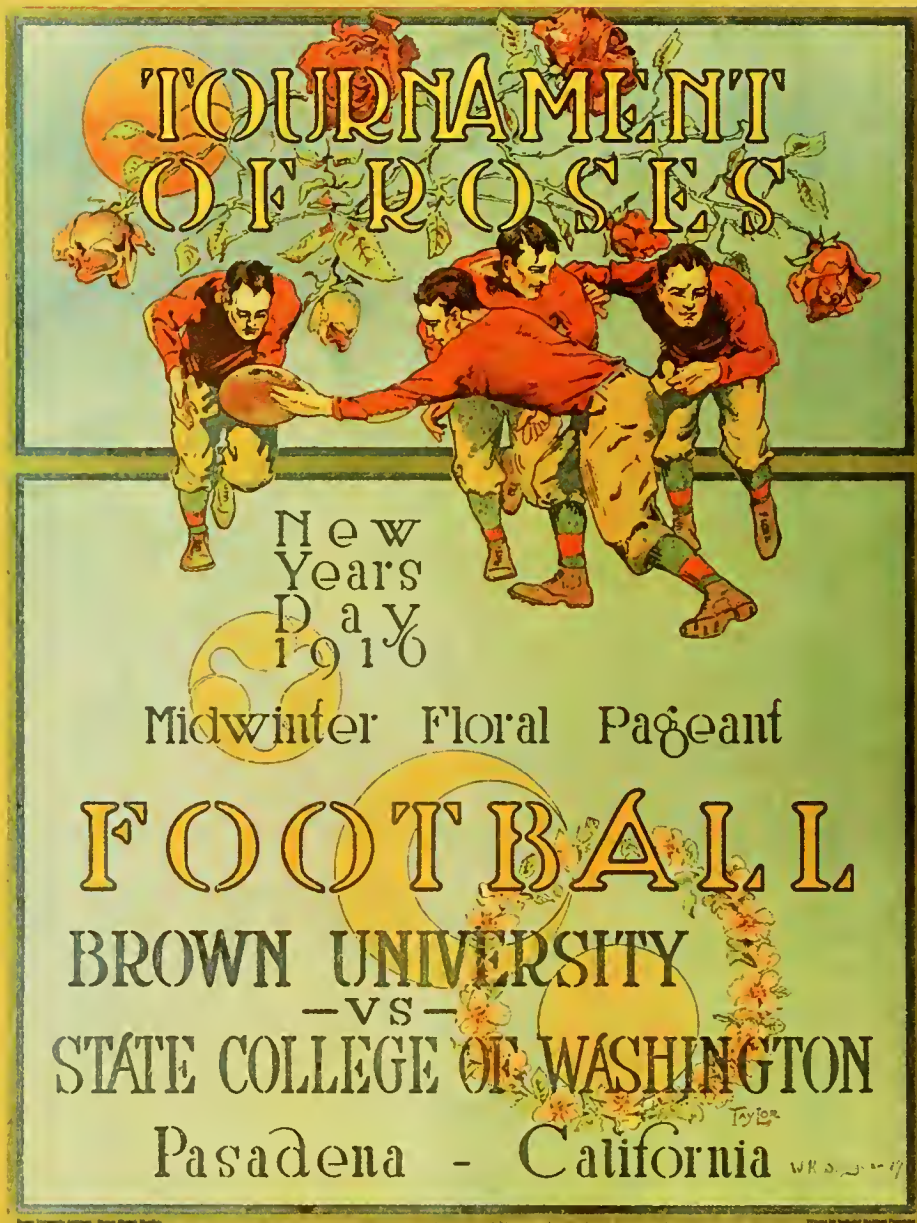
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THE PERFECT GRADUATION GIFT

Kari Edwards

A social psychologist finds that juries aren't as impartial as we think.



- **TITLE:** Assistant professor of psychology
- **EDUCATION:** B.A., U.C.-Berkeley; M.A., Yale; Ph.D., University of Michigan
- **SPECIALTY:** The relationship between emotion and thought

What happens to jurors when a judge tells them to ignore "inadmissible" evidence?

My research suggests that evidence might be particularly difficult to ignore if it is emotionally charged. Specifically, my work suggests that when a judge instructs jurors to disregard emotionally charged information, this same information can have an even more pronounced effect on judgments and decisions than if jurors had been permitted to pay attention to it. The information becomes the forbidden fruit. Similarly, if you were to tell a child not to have a cookie, the kid may become obsessed with having a cookie.

Subjects in my studies who received emotionally charged, incriminating evi-

dence that they were then instructed to ignore rendered more guilty verdicts and recommended more punitive sentencing than subjects who were permitted to consider the same evidence. They were angrier. This same effect, however, does not hold up when the incriminating evidence was not emotional in nature.

Does this happen in real trials?

It's too soon to apply my research directly to the way jurors make decisions. My primary interest was to study the conditions under which people can and cannot disregard information when they're instructed to do so. Simulated legal decisions happen to be particularly well-suited for this.

Having said that, what are your hunches?

People trust the implications of their emotions. You can tell someone a belief is wrong — that it's premised on faulty information, for example — but you can't tell someone an emotional reaction is wrong. If you tell a person to disregard information that elicits emotion, that person may believe he or she is abiding by that admonition, but may unwittingly rechannel the emotion elsewhere.

Imagine that a jury hears something terrible about a defendant's previous assault, then is told to disregard this evidence for procedural reasons. Jurors may be able to technically disregard this emotional information, but it may nonetheless influence the way they reach a verdict in a rather insidious manner. For example, the information may color the way jurors process material presented later, or it could bolster their concern that justice and fairness are carried out in the trial.

How capable are most jurors at tempering their gut reactions with a judge's request to stick to the facts?

Most jurors take their jobs very seriously. They would be loath to admit that they didn't abide by the judge's instructions. If you ask jurors if they've ever strayed from their task, most would say no, but that could be because they don't want to

appear irresponsible. On the other hand, social psychological research has shown that most people have a relatively poor sense of what specifically guides their behavior. Most jurors, this research implies, probably would not be in touch with the fact that they had strayed from the course. They may have been aware of being disturbed by some evidence, but most jurors probably would not connect their emotional reactions to the way they carried out their legal responsibility.

Do judges and lawyers really believe a jury can ignore inadmissible evidence?

Attorneys, who are well-versed in legal statutes, often present evidence in a trial that gets stricken from the record. Is it fumbling or is it strategic? I would argue it's often strategic. They may even understand that jurors will pay extra attention to evidence that gets objected to. It puts the opposing attorney in a strange position: it may even be better in some situations *not* to object to inadmissible testimony! This suggests a real possibility for manipulation in the courtroom.

Does this mean justice is becoming a victim of such manipulation?

Not necessarily. We don't act on our emotional responses all the time. We are able to stifle laughs, not act on sexual impulses, mask fear. But when our emotional reactions are strong and seem to us justified by the circumstances, we are likely to have more difficulty ignoring them.

How can we protect jurors from their own emotional reactions?

There are stages before the actual trial when this screening of evidence takes place, yet we still hear objections in the courtroom all the time. There has to be some way of holding attorneys accountable when they present information they know is inadmissible. There seems to be only limited awareness among judges and attorneys and legal scholars that the inadmissibility ruling is not a panacea. ☞

Interview by Jennifer Sutton

BY JOSH GELFMAN '96

Balance of Power

A campus leader discovers that serving the public can mean losing yourself.

I was sitting in the library on the last Sunday evening in October, feeling frantic. It was the same every Sunday during the fall semester. As the days got shorter I grew more and more concerned about balancing my studies with campus politics. I was vice president of the Undergraduate Council of Students (UCS), and I couldn't remember a single day that fall when I'd spent as much time on schoolwork as I'd wanted.

My task that night was to read *Since Yesterday*, by Frederick Lewis Allen, assigned reading for a history seminar on the American public intellectual in the twentieth century. The irony was that Allen's book, published in 1939, was intended to take people back through the decade they had just experienced, and there I was in the Rock, trying to go back through my recent past and figure out where all my time had gone. Suddenly I knew I wanted some of that time back to do things I loved: go to the movies, maybe, or drive to Newport on the spur of the moment to watch the sun rise. I packed my backpack and headed home, feeling stronger than I had in months. Back at my apartment, I paused for a split second, then drafted a speech resigning from UCS. I delivered it the following week.

After sixteen months in UCS, as an elected representative, a committee coordinator, and vice-president, it was a difficult decision to make. I had first gotten involved in the campus community as a resident counselor during my sophomore year. That spring some classmates encouraged me to run for a UCS representative position. I fancied myself as part of the under-represented at Brown: I played water polo my freshman year, and, as a resident counselor, dealt with a host of

issues that seemed relevant to campus politics, such as cultural diversity, academic needs, and financial problems. Complicated issues – but ones I believed I could help with. I figured I should give campus politics a try.

Over time, though, I came up against the realities of public service. Instead of seeking out face-to-face contact with student constituents, UCS expended much of its energy discussing things like parliamentary procedure. We spent so much time talking about *how* to protest cuts in federal financial aid that weeks passed without our actually *doing* anything about them.

It was hard to turn away from campus politics. My parents have raised me to participate in my community. During

high school I volunteered at a Humane Society shelter, raised money for a school that educated children with Down's Syndrome, played with kids in an orphanage – whatever was needed. I wanted to continue this at Brown in the belief that all benefit when everyone participates. We are lucky to live on a campus – in a community – where everyone has something to contribute, and where so many do.

Still, undergraduates are students first, as President Gregorian often reminds us. Sometimes, when our commitments are overwhelming, we forget that. I got myself in a bind last fall, trying to do so much that I didn't really do anything well. Schoolwork suffered because I was overcommitted to campus politics; my ability to be a good leader was diminished because I thought I was underachieving in the classroom. As I struggled last fall to articulate what drove me to leave UCS, I could only really point, quoting from my resignation speech, to the "little drummer within us

all, that beats out the rhythms of our hearts, and the thoughts in our minds."

Within each of us is a chaotically changing set of needs. Mine may sound trivial to people with mortgages, child-care expenses, and other burdensome responsibilities. But as I got more entwined in student government, I felt my undergraduate time slipping away. I needed to see Newport in the early morning, to sit in the Rock and read books without feeling frantic. Resigning the vice-presidency was scary, but I have no regrets. My brain feels fertile again, and peace of mind doesn't seem so far away. ☞

Josh Gelfman is a history concentrator from Miami.



ROBERT NEUBECKER

BY PETER MANDEL

Baltimore Pete

A former Mosquito comes into his own as a lacrosse coach of Bears.

Peter Lasagna graduated from Brown in the prosperous year of 1984, when, as he puts it, "most of my classmates were heading straight for New York or Los Angeles to make extravagant sums of money." Lasagna, however, had different notions of fame and fortune. To him the glory lay in Providence, where he took what amounted to a full-time job at part-time pay as second-assistant lacrosse coach to Dom Starsia '74. "I'm from Baltimore," he explains, "where lacrosse players are treated like movie stars."

In Baltimore kids begin playing lacrosse at a young age. Growing up, Lasagna played for any team that would have him. The first was at the Friends School, where his brother had played before him. Then he participated in all sorts of neighborhood teams. He joined the Mount Washington Mosquitoes and worked his way up to the Mount Washington Midgets. "On weekends," he recalls, "I'd ride my bike down the hill and watch the Mount Washington Wolfpack, one of the country's best club teams."

Lasagna blossomed into a talented midfielder over the years, but injuries ended his playing days during his sophomore year at Brown. A natural teacher with a booming voice and charismatic air, he turned to coaching and spent ten years as Starsia's offensive coordinator and assistant before succeeding him as head coach in 1993.

Lasagna's success with the Bears was immediate. His rapport with players and his fluid mix-and-match style of attack produced a 10-3 record his first year. The team quickly shook up the circle of mid-Atlantic and upstate New York universities accustomed to dividing the lacrosse laurels among them. In 1994 a cascade of late-season wins led to Brown's taking the Ivy title and to its first-ever NCAA national semifinal appearance.

"We started off 1-4," co-captain Rob Gutheil '94 remembers, "but somehow playing for Pete we had total confidence.



We'd be smiling during tight games, knowing we could explode at any time. There was nothing the other team could do about it," Lasagna, who earned the 1994 Morris Touchstone Award as the nation's top Division I coach, brought Brown back to the NCAA tournament last year with another Ivy championship and a 10-6 mark.

Rocking a bit in his office chair one day in February, Lasagna evaluated these successes with a half-smile of genuine disbelief. The day before, the Bears had beaten perennial power Johns Hopkins in a pre-season scrimmage. "After a game," Lasagna said, "I normally write down notes to look at later. For some reason, this time I started a letter to my brother. Here's this grown-up little boy writing a letter saying, 'David, I can hardly believe I'm here. We just went down to Baltimore and outplayed Hopkins on the very field where you and I were halftime heroes for so many years.'"

It was the first time Brown had beaten Hopkins, prompting a reporter from Lasagna's hometown paper, the *Sun*, to ask him, "Can you guys actually be better

than you were last year – or in '94?" Lasagna, who tends to bury such questions under bursts of enthusiasm and humor, was still thinking about the answer the following day. He offered three reasons why the answer could be yes: seniors Dennis Sullivan, Alex Goodman, and David Evans. Sullivan, who has thrived under the tutelage of assistant coach Joe Breschi, is one of the most underappreciated college defensemen around, while Goodman, a midfielder who transferred from Penn, is, according to Lasagna, "a gifted offensive player at the position where we need the most help." Finally, Evans, a two-time first-team All American, is Brown's marquee attackman. "Evans has been the franchise player for two years," Lasagna said, "with great phys-

Final Winter Results

(March 15)

Men's basketball 10-16
Women's basketball 10-16
Women's gymnastics 3-9
Men's hockey 9-15-8
Women's hockey 16-4-5
Men's squash 6-7
Women's squash 8-3
Wrestling 12-6
Men's swimming 0-11
Women's swimming 7-3



(16-4-5) to become the first Ivy Leaguers to win an ECAC tournament. Nevertheless, it was an extraordinary season. In late February, Katie King '97 scored a hat trick to rally the Bruins to a 5-4 come-from-behind win over number-one-ranked UNH; the next weekend co-captain Nicole Haakensen '96 pulled off her own hat trick and Karen Emma '97 scored four goals to beat Colby, 8-3, ensuring Brown's second consecutive first-place finish in the ECAC. With six players graduating, the team will have to scramble next year to keep up the pace.

Justice

Over the weekend of February 24 the **women's swimming and diving team** (7-3) became Brown's first in eleven years to win the Eastern Women's Swimming League Championship. The team compiled 598.5 points; Yale finished second, twenty-six points behind. The victory came as sweet compensation for regular-season losses to Harvard and Yale, which dropped Brown to a third-place Ivy League finish. ☞

Vice President for Alumni Relations

THE VICE PRESIDENT FOR ALUMNI RELATIONS is responsible for all aspects of alumni affairs for the University, overseeing alumni programs, services, and relationships for all Brown alumni(ae). This person will report to the President, will be a member of the senior staff, and work collaboratively with the Vice President for University Relations and the Vice President for Development in creating a consistent communication strategy with both internal and external constituencies. The VP for Alumni Affairs will work closely with the Brown Alumni Association, volunteers, and faculty and administration within the University in creating an ever increasing level of connectedness with over 65,000 alums. The Vice President will be responsible for facilitating educational opportunities, developing effective alumni programs, enlarging alumni networks, coordinating alumni-admission relations, and advancing alumni information via the alumni magazine, as well as through electronic connectivity.

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ical strength and shooting ability and an intense commitment to the game."

Lasagna paused, summing up. "How good *are* we?" he asked, his eyes a little distant, his mind stick-handling on the broad, spring-green Baltimore fields of his youth. "That's the question swirling around this year's team. The drums are pounding. The lacrosse world is shaking. And we love it."

The season began a few weeks later, and the players wasted little time delivering on their coach's boasts. Brown defeated Fairfield on March 2 and Duke on March 9; In the 11-9 victory over Duke, Goodman scored a career-high four goals. The first bump in the season came on March 13, however, in the form of a 16-15 overtime loss to number-one-ranked Virginia, coached by Lasagna's former boss, Dom Starsia. Still, Lasagna's star players fought hard. Evans scored five times, while Goodman had three goals, including the crucial one to tie the game with eight seconds remaining in regulation.

One goal netted, one denied

A disappointing 4-2 semifinal loss to Providence College March 9 ended the bid by the **women's hockey team**




The Great *Un*American Pastime

BY STEPHEN FOX '71 PH.D. / ILLUSTRATIONS BY BART FORBES

As winter at last recedes and big league ballplayers emerge onto the soggy, near-green diamonds, we're still mad at baseball. The wounds from the labor troubles of 1994, which squeezed fans between rich, greedy owners and rich, greedy players, have not yet healed. A curse on all their opulent houses! How could they have dared cancel a World Series? It was unthinkable,

akin to not holding a presidential election: an outrageous rupture in the natural order of things. So fans have staged their own version of a strike. Last year attendance was down for all but a few teams — despite the drama of Cal Ripken's streak and tight pennant races in four of the six divisions, including two that went down to the final games, and even though most ballplayers this side of Albert Belle were trying to behave more agreeably. Many former baseball fans responded last season not with anger but (more ominously) with shrugs and yawns. Perhaps the old game, crippled and corrupted by money, has become too stately and deliberative for the jittery

Stephen Fox, a social historian who lives near Boston, has occasionally masqueraded as a first baseman. His most recent book is Big Leagues: Professional Baseball, Football, and Basketball in National Memory (Morrow, 1994).



With players earning as much as \$9 million a year to hit a little white ball with a bat, why do we still love baseball? Perhaps, the author suggests, because it offers an illusion of community in an increasingly fragmented society.

attention spans of the 1990s. Who still cares?

Yet this all seems reassuringly familiar to me as a historian of major league sports. Ever since the beginnings of professional baseball, observers have yearned for an imagined earlier golden age when the game (they supposed) was played for its own sweet sake, before money ruined it. "Somehow or other they don't play ball nowadays as

they used to some eight or ten years ago," said a ballplayer in 1868. "I mean that they don't play with the same kinds of feelings or for the same objects they used to." "Today the players regard the game in a different light," a manager agreed in 1927. "It has become a business with the boys, who play for the income." "Players are not motivated by winning any more," a general manager concluded in 1987. "Baseball is a prisoner of money."

These and numberless other such echoing laments — amounting to a constant, muttering chorus in the background of baseball history — reflect not a radically changing situation but more stable elements of the game and its fandom. Year after year we remain uneasy over the very notion of paying spoiled young men good money (in recent decades, very good money) for playing a child's game. They are lionized and celebrated, treated to all the goodies of machinery and flesh that young men dream of, for horsing

For a time in childhood, baseball cards and the state of one's glove can matter more than anything else. Favorite players look like gods, remote and perfect.

around in front of millions of people in a sport that is intrinsically such fun; and they expect to get paid for it, too? Anybody toiling in the real world is liable to resent such privilege. And it is but a short step from resentment to carping suspicion.

To this intractable discontent we also bring the baggage of our personal histories. As adult fans we remember the game the way we envisioned it when we were kids. After children discover baseball, they may embrace it as their first serious loyalty outside the home. For a time, usually between preschool and early adolescence, baseball cards and the state of one's glove can matter more than anything else. Favorite players may look like gods, remote and perfect, dispensing favors to lesser, grateful mortals. In time, for most of us, other enthusiasms replace baseball or at least cut it down into a more reasonable perspective; but the glow of that early rush lingers on, ready to be burnished again. When we grownup fans compare today's game to that of our youth, we tend unconsciously to evoke a time when baseball looked cleaner, brighter, larger, more heroic. A mood of keening nostalgia naturally follows.

Nostalgia has its uses, of course, but it does not encourage clear-eyed historical perception. Ken Burns's *Baseball* series on PBS — the most substantial recent exercise in baseball history — lost its way in a nostalgic fog. The series presented some wonderful old film footage: Walter Johnson demonstrating his sidearm pitching motion, Ty Cobb running the bases, Pete Alexander striking out Tony Lazzeri in the 1926 World Series. To see such distant icons of the sport in real action reminds any fan of baseball's timeless appeal; it's still the same game, despite everything. But such warm, fuzzy thoughts ultimately overwhelmed the Burns series when it tried to define what baseball means and why we should care.

Many different talking heads carried the Burns narrative, spicing it with varied perspectives, but the series kept circling back to a simple metaphor: baseball as a true mirror of American life, reflecting the larger national experience in race relations, immigration and assimilation, labor and management, media and celebrity, scandals and reforms, individuals and



collectives, and so on. The first episode of the series framed this unifying theme with two familiar nineteenth-century epigraphs. "It's our game," said Walt Whitman. "That's the chief fact in connection with it. America's game has the snap, go, fling of the American atmosphere." In the same spirit, Mark Twain was quoted exalting baseball in 1889 as "the symbol, the outward and visible expression of the drive and push and rush and struggle of the raging, tearing, booming nineteenth century." Baseball, in short, as a telling, reliable microcosm of striving American life.

Which is true, up to a point, but essentially mistaken. Consider, by contrast, the performance of Brown men on big league baseball fields. From sketchy, incomplete records, it appears that thirty Brunonians have made the big show since 1879. Of these, three of the most notable played in the nineteenth century, at a time when athletic standards among what would become the Ivy League institutions had not yet deferred to academic ambitions, and college squads could play the pros as near equals. In 1879, Lee Richmond of the class of 1880 pitched Brown's team to a college baseball title, striking out a Yale with the bases loaded in the bottom of the ninth in the final game; he then went directly to Boston's National League team and won his debut, scattering four hits and two runs in a complete game. A year later, as a Brown senior he started playing for the Worcester team in the National League, ending the season with a staggering 591 innings pitched in seventy-four games. On June 12, 1880, four days before his graduation, Richmond played in a senior-class game early in the morning, caught a train to Worcester, and that afternoon pitched the first perfect game in professional baseball, beating Cleveland 1-0. (Twenty-four years would pass before Cy Young



threw the next perfect game.) Richmond won thirty-two games in 1880, twenty-five the next year (in 462 innings), fourteen the next (411 innings); but all that throwing ruined his arm, and he was washed up at age twenty-five.

Thomas "Buttermilk Tommy" Dowd left Brown in the spring of 1891, his sophomore year, to play for the Boston and Washington teams in the American Association, the other major league of that era. He lasted ten seasons in the show, mainly with the St. Louis Cardinals, and was considered one of the fastest outfielders of the 1890s. Nineteenth-century baseball authority Tim Murnane of the *Boston Globe* proclaimed Dowd the best centerfielder he'd ever seen, especially for his skill at sprinting back on a ball over his head and then turning left or right for the catch. For years Dowd held the unofficial record time for circling the bases. Over his career he averaged thirty-seven stolen bases a season, peaking at fifty-nine steals with the Cardinals in 1893 – second in the National League that year; and he hit .332 in 1895.

Fred Tenney graduated from Brown in 1894 with a stellar college baseball record and at once joined Boston's National League team (known then as the Beaneaters, later the Braves). As Tenney told the story, he got a phone call from the Beaneaters' manager at 1 A.M. on the night of the senior class dinner on June 15. Boston's catchers were all injured; could he play the next day? Elevated by the spirits of the occa-

sion, he went to bed at four, arose early, took a head-clearing shower at the Brown gym, and caught the train for Boston. That afternoon he debuted as a left-handed catcher and broke a finger. After healing for a month, he established himself that first season: in only twenty-seven games, he batted .395 with twenty-one RBIs. For three years he played the Beaneaters' outfield and continued to catch some games. As a backstop he excelled at ranging down the lines to catch foul popups, but his throwing, from the wrong side of the plate, was also limited by an erratic sidearm motion.

In 1897 Tenney was shifted to first base and got six hits in a game that May. He went on to compile the most distinguished big-league record in Brown annals, with a .294 career average over seventeen seasons. For four years he anchored one of the best infields in baseball history, with Bobby Lowe at second, Germany Long at short, and the great Jimmy Collins at third. This crack foursome led the Beaneaters to pennants in 1897 and 1898. (Lowe hit .309 in 1897 – the lowest average in the infield that year.) Tenney's lefty throwing arm, too weak for the long peg from home to second, turned out to be perfect for starting the 3-6-3 double play. It became his signature. Agile and aggressive, he played farther off the bag than most first basemen of his time, gathering in balls he was not expected to stop. Tenney led the league's first basemen in assists a record eight times, including seven years in a row. He could hit, as well; at his peak he averaged .332 from 1896 through 1899, with career bests of .347 and 209 hits in 1899.

From that height, the fortunes of Brown men in the majors have plummeted through the twentieth century. The two most notable big-leaguers since 1900 have been Irving "Bump" Hadley '28 and Bill Almon '75. Hadley left Brown in the middle of his sophomore year for spring training with the Washington Senators. In his debut on April 20, all of twenty-one years old, he was thrown to the lions: he

walked in from the bullpen to face Babe Ruth with the bases full of Yankees. The Babe doubled off the leftfield wall, scoring three runs. Hadley allowed five more hits and four more runs in three innings, and a few days later was dispatched to the minors. But he got back to the show a year later and pitched for six teams over sixteen seasons, with 161 wins, 165 losses,

In recent years the noble baseball proletarians have struggled along on average annual salaries of \$1 million. Does this duplicate any other experience in the history of American labor?

and a career earned-run average of 4.24. Bill Almon, a shortstop, hit .254 for seven teams in fourteen seasons. He led American League shortstops in 1981 with a .301 average for the White Sox, and he is the current Brown baseball coach.

But these two solid baseball careers are not typical of Brown big leaguers in this century. Thirteen of the twenty-three who have played since 1900 made it to the majors for only one season or (more commonly) part of a season. For instance, cups of coffee were sipped by John "Daff" Gannons '98, who hit .194 in twenty-eight games for the Beaneaters in 1901; Wally Snell '13, who managed three singles for the Red Sox in 1913; Hal Neubauer '25, who pitched in seven games for the Tigers in 1925, with a 1-0 record despite his 12.60 earned-run average; and poor Art Mereweather '22, whose entire professional baseball life consisted of one unsuccessful pinch-hit attempt for the Pirates on July 10, 1922. Most of the big-league Brunonians since 1890 made their brief appearances during the first three decades of this century. For thirty-three years, from Hadley's last season in 1941 to Almon's first in 1974, no Brown man played in the majors – and nobody else has done it since Almon.

My point is not to embarrass any son of Brown, but to question whether baseball may be cited as an accurate mirror of larger American social realities. Brown alumni in this century have distinguished themselves in any number of ways – but not as baseball players. Broaden the focus. In few other fields have black Americans done so well, or Jewish Americans so poorly. Try to think of all the great Jewish baseball players; there's Hank Greenberg, Sandy Koufax, and...uh... But beyond baseball, Jews have achieved the highest incomes,

education levels, and professional status of any demographic group in the country. Is this prominence discernible anywhere within baseball? As for labor relations, most American industries were unionized by the 1930s. Union militancy in baseball waited until the late 1960s, when Marvin Miller took over the Players Association, and it finally blossomed a decade later – just as most other American unions were becoming ossified and irrelevant in the general workforce. In recent years the noble baseball proletarians have struggled along on average annual salaries of about \$1 million; no wonder that they threatened to strike in 1994. Does this duplicate any other experience – except for those of other pro athletes – in the history of American labor?

So we shouldn't turn to the diamond for sociological reflections. Baseball has always been its own little universe, unlike anything in the outside world. The game tugs at us precisely because it so little resembles real life. In many areas of American endeavor, from politics to business to the arts, the choicest rewards may go to lucky, talentless dolts because the decisions rendered by the public marketplace are often chancy and undeserved. But in baseball the breaks even out over the long season, and usually the best players succeed predictably in clearly defined ways. They play in plain view by rules that everyone understands while somebody keeps score. In October there are winners and losers, we feel it intensely but briefly, and then we go home and wait in hope and expectation for next year.

The outrage that many of us still nurse from the lost 1994 season was provoked because baseball is supposed to be one of our few rocks of stability. You do not disrupt it. The American experience – all through its history, but especially now – has typically embraced change as progress, encouraging us as freely contracting individuals to make our private ways through life, to chase freedoms and express ourselves. That has been our glory as independent Americans, but it has also been our affliction as social creatures in need of grounding. For most of its seasons, baseball has provided a countervailing force to these mainstream American tendencies. Within a given fan cohort, it unites generations and population groups instead of dividing them, and offers us a sense of community and continuity – no matter how illusory and fleeting. A modern American city is never more united than when one of its teams is chasing or celebrating a title. Whatever our own politics may be, as fans we are all conservatives and reactionaries. We want the game to remain unchanged, or to revert to the imagined better old days. Here, at least, we disbelieve in progress.

Baseball is the great UnAmerican pastime. Play ball. ♪

Megan Kawatachi, a junior from Hawaii, listens intently during an American civilization class on ethnicity taught by an Asian-American graduate student.



FINDING THEIR VOICE

A young author returns to campus after ten years and finds that today's Asian-American students view their ethnicity in sophisticated and surprising ways.

BY MARIE G. LEE '86

When I arrived at Brown in the early 1980s, the Asian-American presence on campus seemed small and easy to ignore. Fellow Korean-American students were few and scattered. When I graduated in 1986, I could count on one hand the Asian Americans I knew; one of them was my best friend.

So when the Brown Korean Students Association invited me to campus last year to talk about my novel, *Finding My Voice*, I expected perhaps ten students to show up. Remembering readings I had done earlier that year at Columbia, Barnard, Yale, Wellesley, and Smith, I was aware of large and active Asian-American populations on many college campuses. But I imagined Brown would be the same as it had been a decade earlier — much as, at my tenth high-school reunion, I had expected my friends to look the way they did in the yearbook. I made the trip to Providence with no prepared text, confident I could

Marie G. Lee's next novel, *Necessary Roughness*, will be published by HarperCollins in the fall.



Many students have been frustrated by the slow development of courses in Asian-American studies; this literature class was one of a handful offered in recent years.

chat with the ten or so students who were going to show up.

When I walked into Alumnae Hall, however, I found a sea of faces looking up expectantly at me. I was literally speechless, although I managed to recover and improvise a talk.

Intrigued, I returned to campus last November during Asian-American Awareness Month. I spent several days talking to Asian-American students, faculty, and administrators to try to understand the scope and nature of the changes – for them individually and for the Brown community. I found that a lot can change in ten years.

Although Brown actively recruited students from Asia as far back as the 1800s, the anti-Asian immigration laws in effect from 1882 until 1965 limited the number enrolled until relatively recently. Wing Tek Lum '68, a Honolulu-based poet with whom I spoke by phone, described himself as "one of two yellows on campus" when he arrived in 1964. A Minneapolis friend, Valerie Lee '71, remi-

nised that "there were so few of us, we didn't even know we were Asian American."

Today Asians and Asian Americans are by far the largest undergraduate minority group. Together they number about 900 students, compared with 400 African-American, 300 Latino, and sixteen Native American students. (There are some 4,100 "non-minority" undergraduates.) In 1995 nearly one in five entering freshmen was Asian American, a figure roughly mirrored at the other Ivies.

The increase has been accompanied by an explosion of Asian-related student organizations. The largest group, the Asian-American Students Association (AASA), dates back to 1969, when it was founded by a handful of students working on an group independent study project. Today, however, the AASA has been joined by the Filipino Alliance, Brown Asian Sisters Empowered, the Japanese Cultural Association, the Brown Organization of Multiracial and Biracial Students, and more. There is an Asian-American vocal group and a literary magazine.

It's easy for today's students to take such organizations for granted, but older alums remember what campus life was like without them. Philip Lu '72, an

AASA founder, told me that the seminal group did nothing less than forge an Asian-American identity at Brown. "Before, when you'd see another Asian coming your way, you'd look down at the ground thinking, 'Who is this other Asian, and how are they going to react to me?'" Lu said. "Now there was this community where you could go and feel comfortable."

"There's a feeling that if you're Asian American, you're from the suburbs," said one woman.
"Students who don't come from that background have a hard time finding their voice."

Like any outwardly homogeneous community, Brown's Asian Americans are in reality a wildly diverse collection of individuals. As I discovered from the students I spoke with during my November visit, all may identify themselves as Asian American, but each has a different idea of what that means. For some, the identity is strictly a matter of geographical heritage. Said one student simply, "I'm Asian American because I was born here and my parents are from Asia." Others see their Asian-American identity as a political statement, much as a self-declared feminist might view hers.

This diversity of backgrounds and opinions was evident at a film discussion I attended while on campus titled "The Asian-American Student: A Look at Pressures, Identity, and Relationships." Members of the audience, made up of both students and administrators, included Filipino Americans, Japanese Americans, and South Asian Americans; ethnic Chinese Vietnamese, ethnic Chinese Malaysians, and Korean Americans; Asian adoptees and multiracial Asian Americans; recent immigrants, international students from Asia, and people with generations-long roots in the United States.

The video had been produced at a Seven Sisters school in response to a disturbing statistic: In one year, half the college's suicide attempts had involved Asian-American students. The video explored the myriad pressures a group of Asian Americans at the school experienced: racism, family demands, the difficulty of living in one culture at school and an entirely different one at home.

However, contrary to the "model minority" stereotype, the students did not primarily focus on the pressure to succeed. Some had been troubled by broken families. One woman in the video said she

felt shunned by other Asian Americans because she was half Chinese and half Japanese. Another spoke of envying classmates who were trying to decide whether to travel or go to graduate school — she very much wanted to go to graduate school but couldn't afford to, since her family depended on her income.

After the video ended, an intense hush fell over the room. Then everyone started to talk. One recent immigrant described how, as a Chinese Malaysian, she had experienced life as a minority in Asia; now, she said, it was hard for her to sort out many of the Asian-American issues that other, more Americanized students felt so comfortable with.

An ethnic Chinese woman whose family had lived for several generations in Vietnam before she came to the United States as a refugee at age twelve said her refugee status made her feel separate from many Asian Americans at Brown. "There's a feeling here," she said, "that if you're Asian American, you're a certain type — from the suburbs, etcetera. Students

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"We need to win over faculty," says Assistant Professor Robert Lee, "with scholarship that makes Asian-American studies important and undeniable."



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Graduate student Suzette Min (above) teaches a popular course on Asian-American literature.

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who don't come from that kind of background have a hard time finding their voice. I think that's something we need to educate each other on."

I was reminded of a student I'd spoken to earlier who said he feels alienated from what he referred to as "the Asian-American cliques." "Being Asian has always and will always be a big part of my life — I learned how to speak Korean before I learned how to speak English," he said. But he confessed that he looks back wistfully at his childhood in California: a multicultural environment, but one where "I didn't

have to consciously think, 'Wow, this is great — my friends are really mixed and come from a variety of socioeconomic classes!' I just saw them as friends, and that was that."

Some students at the film discussion even seemed bemused by their Asian-American classification. One woman said that as a South Asian she found it hard to know where she fit in: Indian immigrants were first categorized as Hindu, then Caucasian, now Asian American. "What's next?" she asked. "Native American?" (Brown would now have its first Asian American president if federal authorities continued to abide by a 1909 decision classifying Armenians as "Asiatics.")

Finally, students questioned whether they should automatically be expected to get along with other Asian Americans because of some quasi-mythical pan-Asian solidarity. "Does the term *Asian American* mean anything in a real sense?" wondered one South Asian student, noting Asia's plethora of countries and cultures. Conceding that the idea of a common Asian-American identity might have some political value, he described his feeling of gut-level kinship as confined primarily to fellow South Asians; he feels no more connection to other Asian Americans than to any other students of color, he said.

For some, class distinctions seem more important than those of ethnicity. One student told me that, to her surprise, many of her campus friends have turned out to be whites who share her working-class background, rather than Asian Americans, many of whom do not.

Despite their disparate outlooks, most students I met agreed that having an Asian-American community, however ill-defined, is crucial to the quality of their lives and intellectual growth. Even among the diverse group at the film discussion, common concerns and interests emerged. For instance, there was much talk about liberal-arts education and how it baffles many immigrant parents. University education is much more vocation-oriented in Asia and Europe. Chung-Soon Im, a foreign graduate student in biomedical science, recalled that when he entered college in Korea, he decided to study botany. Halfway through, he discovered that his real interest was in humans, not plants. "I knew it was going to be almost impossible to change my major," he said. "And it was. I had to basically change my major over here." He is fascinated with undergraduate education at Brown, he said, where students can "take a little bit of this and a little bit of that."

This cultural dissonance resonated for many at the discussion. Student after student described being torn between studying parent-pleasing “practical” subjects (the sciences, most often) and following their “real” interests. “Try explaining semiotics to your

theme of the discussion: the lack of Asian American role models. The student said he might be interested in consulting, but was having difficulty finding someone to “job shadow.” “I want to find a person with similar experiences, not to just show me what the job will be like, but what it’ll be like as an Asian American,” he said.

Students describe being torn between parent-pleasing “practical” subjects and following their own academic interests. “Try explaining semiotics to your parents,” said one.

parents.” said one student to many laughs of recognition. (I laughed too, remembering how, during freshman year, I had dashed my parents’ hopes of my becoming a doctor and then tried to redeem myself by majoring in economics – all the while planning to become a writer.)

Another ex-premed student, a Korean American, said that although he’d decided that medicine wouldn’t be the career for him, he didn’t know what would. This problem introduced another major

Students also noted the lack of Asian-American role models on Brown’s faculty. Currently, Assistant Professor Robert Lee in the American civilization department is the only full-time faculty member specializing in Asian-American subjects. Throughout my visit, student after student voiced a strong desire for more Asian-American professors and courses. “Brown was one of the first universities to start offering Asian-American courses,” says Luna Yasui ’96, spokesperson for the AASA, “but now it’s being overshadowed by schools with better programs and more professors, like Cornell.”

Curious, I examined the fall course catalog. Besides Professor Lee’s history class, it listed only “Introduction to Asian American Literature” and an

Last semester Jennifer Jang, one of six Asian-American graduate students in the American civilization department, taught a seminar entitled “Eating the Ethnic: Food, Literature, and the Production of National Identity.”



Am Civ seminar, "Eating the Ethnic" – both taught by graduate students. Am Civ's graduate program currently boasts six students specializing in Asian-American topics, and there are other Asian-American graduate students in departments such as sociology and English. Perhaps these students will one day fill the curriculum gap for universities like Brown.

Meanwhile Lee, a former director of the Third World Center and a founder of the Center for the Study of Race and Ethnicity, logs many hours advising undergraduates and graduate students interested in Asian-American topics. While waiting to interview him, I watched the flow of students in and out of his office, observing that interest in Asian-American issues is hardly limited to Asian-American students. Perhaps the question of Asian-American studies involves rethinking the curriculum more generally. Why, I asked Professor Lee, should we con-

I hadn't really acknowledged that I was Korean American until I was in my late twenties. Now I was meeting students who carried an enviable amount of self-awareness at a much younger age.

fine Asian-American studies to separate courses? Why not just make the American history curriculum – to take one example – more inclusive?

"One does hear that argument a lot: 'Why not just teach multicultural American history?' " Lee answered. "I agree with that. But we also need the specific research to put into that. The relationship between specific studies and the bigger picture is a dialectical one. You need language skills, for instance, to do a study on the Chinese community in Monterey Park or Korean merchants in L.A. We need the empirical data, books and monographs on specific topics, so that when we go to interpret the big picture we have the tools to analyze it."

Lee added that he understands students' frustration over the slow growth of Asian-American studies. "I share that frustration," he told me. "But I think we need to take a long-march view of this struggle. It's going to be done by winning over sympathetic faculty in a variety of different departments on the basis not only of student demand – which is real – but also on the kind of scholarship that makes Asian-American studies important and undeniable."

When I wasn't attending discussions and classes or conducting formal interviews, I spent time lurking around campus and springing questions on people, trying to get a bead on what being an Asian-American student at Brown would be like for me today. Overt racism seems scant – although racial tensions last year flared over a series of incidents, one of which involved an Asian-American student assaulted at an off-campus party – but subtler race-relations problems did surface.

Many on campus seem to share a certain diffidence toward the Asian-American community. Most of the non-Asians I spoke with had little to say about Asian-American students, except for a slightly defensive, "Why do you want to know?" A few used such adjectives as "cliquey" and "self-segregating." Indeed, almost everyone I talked to – irrespective of ethnicity – complained about the balkanization of the Refectory: the African-American table here, the Asian-American table there. I don't remember the Ratty being divided into mini nation-states – but then again, that was a decade ago, and my friends and I tended to hide out in the smaller side rooms to escape the chaos of the main dining room.

One evening I returned to the Ratty for dinner to see for myself. At first glance it did seem segregated. Students – including white students – appeared to be clustered primarily by ethnicity. What did this say about the Brown community? Ducking into the room where I used to chow down, I introduced myself to a table of three Asian-American women: Nguyen Louie '97, who is of Korean and Chinese descent; Somphone Khen '98, who is Laotian; and Chan-Tran Phung '97, who's Vietnamese. When I asked about their backgrounds and how they meshed with the Asian-American community at Brown, Somphone said she'd been the only Asian at her largely white, middle-class high school. "So when I came here," she explained, "I looked for, not specifically whites, but more of the economic class rather than the Asian thing."

In contrast, Nguyen said her school in Oakland had many Asian-American students, and she feels comfortable in a multiethnic setting. Socially, she says, she "tends toward the Asian gravitational pull," although now her friends are more mixed. We were joined by Ly Nguyen '97 and some other friends – all of them Southeast Asian. When I noted the homogeneity at the table, Somphone explained that since the Southeast Asian community at Brown is so small, the students tend to be very close. In fact, she said, as another group of people joined the table, "right here you have about all the people in VSA [Vietnamese Students Association]."



Wei Fang '98, above, found her niche – and strong role models – at a meeting of Brown Asian Sisters Empowered.

We spent about an hour chatting. People came and left. Inevitably, the conversation turned to more immediate subjects: who would be playing basketball after dinner, the impending reading period, holiday plans. As I listened, a point hit home: Here was a group of people, all Asian American, some united by the Vietnamese Students Association and some not. The table seemed less a conscious self-segregation than a bunch of friends who also had ethnicity and culture in common. Just then I remembered how my Vietnamese-American friend and I had often sat together, just the two of us. Might we have appeared “cliquey” to other people? And how about the fraternity guys? The generic frat table (still there by the milk machine) was probably the one that intimidated me the most. Why were those young men never accused of “self-segregation”?

I was sad to leave when my three-day campus visit was over. Hanging out at the Third World Center, talking to so many Asian-American students, and sitting in on Asian-American classes made me wonder how my own Brown experience might have differed had I been born a decade later.

The fact is, I didn’t really acknowledge that I was Korean or Asian American until I was in my late twenties. Now here I was meeting students who carried with them an enviable amount of self-awareness at a much younger age. Perhaps, I thought, having a critical mass of Asian Americans on campus naturally offers today’s students many more options for cultural, political, and academic exploration – the kind of exploration crucial to self-definition and understanding.

The impact can be sudden and dramatic. Wei Fang '98, a co-coordinator of Brown Asian Sisters Empowered (BASE), went to her first meeting as a high-school senior visiting the campus. “It was a forum on gender stereotypes in the Asian-American community, and it really made an impact on me,” she said. “Growing up, I did not feel I had many strong Asian female role models. My role models were feminist white or African-American women – Pat Schroeder, Jodie Foster, Georgia O’Keefe, Gloria Steinem, Toni Morrison. When I went to that BASE meeting, I felt I had finally found my niche.”

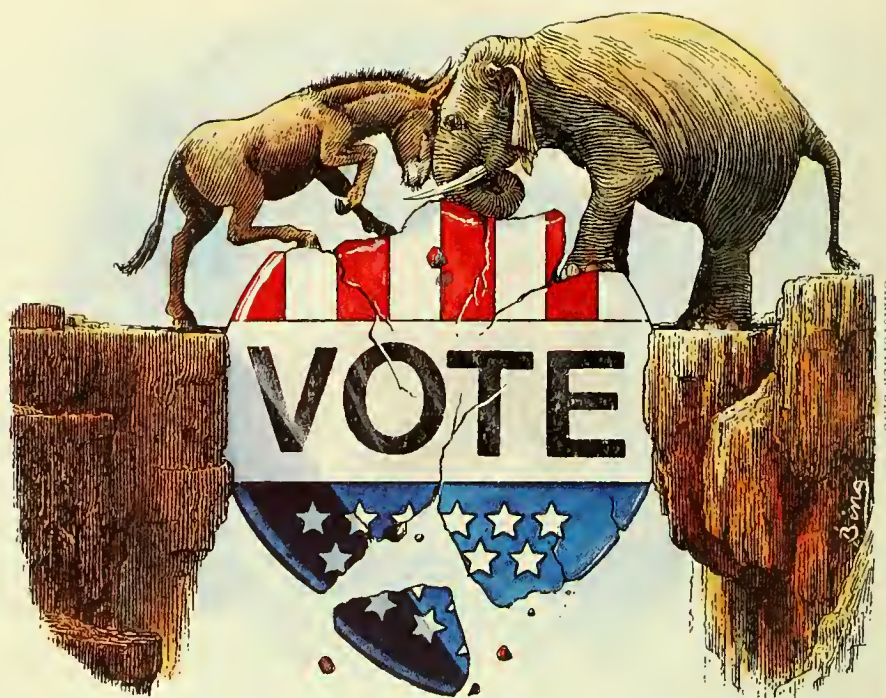
Returning home to New York City, I thought how much I would have enjoyed being part of such a group had it existed when I was an undergraduate. On the other hand, I hadn’t truly “missed” anything by being at Brown when there were fewer Asian-American students – and at a time in my life when I was more interested in learning to write like Flannery O’Connor than in exploring my Asian background.

Yet Brown has unquestionably become a richer and more “colorful” place since my student days. There are tensions and dissatisfactions, of course. But on the whole, it seems to me, Brown’s diversity allows students to acknowledge rather than resist the contradictions of their complex identities. Shuko Kawase '98 put it this way: “At Brown, having the opportunity to meet so many kinds of people and be in so many different situations has allowed me to reaffirm the different sides of me – just as my various friends reflect pieces of me. Through them I am able to feel more whole. New doors are opened because of them, and they inspire me to seek my own path.”

I couldn’t have said it better myself. ☺

Take Me to Your Leader. Please.

An election-year conference looks at U.S. voters and finds anxiety, confusion, and indifference. Is democracy to blame?



BY NORMAN BOUCHER

Something odd happens during years divisible by four. Time is distorted and compressed. One day's momentous event becomes trivial and half-forgotten within the span of a few hours. An idea seizes the public imagination, then is abruptly replaced by another, unrelated one. An individual rises out of obscurity, walks the muddy streets of an obscure northern state, appears daily on the front pages of newspapers around the country — and tumbles into irrelevance. Out of such surreal fits and starts we select a president.

Nowadays a chorus of fretting voices accompanies this election cacophony. Why do so few Americans vote? Where have all the visionaries gone? Why is the press vile and mean-spirited? In a poll done at Brown this winter (see "Mobile Homes," Elms, March), 44 percent of the 927 adults questioned agreed with this statement: "The American political system is like poison ivy, and the only solution is to pull it up from its roots." With so many people ready to toss the whole enterprise into the compost bin, the time has come to ask whether American democracy still works.

More than thirty political observers addressed this question over seven February evenings as part of the sixteenth annual *Providence Journal*/Brown University Public Affairs Conference. Pontificating in the aftermath of the New Hampshire primary were panels of elected officials, pollsters, academics, journalists, lobbyists, lawyers, and philanthropists. Together they agreed: yes, democracy still works. ("As compared to when?" U.S. Congressman Barney Frank wanted to

know. "Was democracy better when women or blacks couldn't vote?") But to many voters democracy appears misshapen, corrupted by lobbyists and big spenders. Ask these same voters for solutions, however, and the answers are often confusing and contradictory. The only certainty was best expressed by a puzzled Democratic pollster, Stanley Greenberg, who concluded: "There are big things at work leaving people feeling isolated."

The frustration for Democrats and Republicans is that voters are feeling more isolated than ever from *them*. As William Schneider, a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, pointed out, "The market for an outsider political candidate has been building for thirty years. It helped Carter, Reagan, and Clinton to some extent. The market is still there, it's bigger than ever, and it's looking for a product." To many voters that product is likely to come from a third party, which, according to former U.S. Senator Lowell Weicker, could be the best way to end today's Washington deadlock. "The fact is," he said, "we have a monopoly or a duopoly in our political system. There's a conflagration that's eating up the country in the absence of [political] competition." Other activists are not so sure. Ann Lewis, the director of communications for the Clinton-Gore re-election campaign, not surprisingly thinks the two-party system is still the most constructive arrangement. And her counterpart at the Republican National Committee, Edward Gillespie, believes "a third party will lead inexorably to a fourth party, then a fifth, and so on." The result, he fears, would be increased fragmentation and balkanization of the electorate.

Exacerbating the public's sense of isolation has been the national press corps, according to *Atlantic Monthly* Washington Editor James Fallows, particularly the D.C.-based press. Fallows spelled out what many conference participants only mentioned: a tendency by national reporters to focus almost entirely on winners and losers, on the process of elections rather than on the issues debated within them. "The best journalism of today," Fallows argued, "is the best that's ever been done." But the worst – televised pundit brawls such as "Crossfire" and "The Capital Gang" – "are much like pro wrestling."

Casting politicians and reporters as villains is nothing new, but voter isolation may also have less obvious, more ambiguous explanations. The poll taken for the conference, for example, found a surprisingly common rootlessness among Americans moving around to chase jobs in a slippery economy. "People now feel their children will be worse off than they are," said Republican pollster Glen Bolger. Andrew Kohut, president of the Gallup Organization for a decade, agreed, adding that voter anxiety over the future is replacing anger about the present. Pocket-book unease is now so pervasive, he said, that when

pollsters recently asked whether race relations needed improvement, only 4 percent of respondents said yes. "This," Kohut added, "was a week after the Million Man March and three weeks after the O.J. Simpson trial."

Finally, some observers suggest that if voters are feeling isolated from leaders, it's their own damn fault. "The voters are no bargain either, you know," said Barney Frank, a consistent Democratic burr in the path of Congressional Republicans. "We're in this together. They want clean water and a balanced budget, but they don't want to pay for them." Glen Bolger, Oliver North's pollster two years ago, agreed. "People say they want change," he said, "but as soon as you begin to actually change things, they say, 'Whoa! Whoa!' "What's a leader to do?

But to assert that the public is an ornery, contradictory, and unreasonable bunch of ingrates who believe elected officials have the backbone of an earthworm only begs the question: how did it get that way? A broader perspective comes not from the conference, but from a book published just after it by Brown Professor of History James Patterson. In *Grand Expectations*, issued as part of the Oxford History of the United States series, Patterson describes the post-World War II period as marked by "ever-greater expectations about the capacity of the United States to create a better world abroad and a happier society at home." But running quietly alongside those "grand expectations," Patterson notes, has been

another, more conservative thread: "faith in the virtue of hard work, belief in self-help and individualism, [and] conservative religious values." It was this individualistic streak, Patterson argues, that prompted the distrust of large, centralized government first apparent in the 1970s and inflamed by the "credibility gap" surrounding the Vietnam War and Watergate.

Add the economic shocks of the early 1970s, and the result is a recipe for what Patterson describes as "rising tension between still grand expectations on the one hand and unyielding social divisions, traditional beliefs, and economic uncertainty on the other." The result, he concludes, has been a profound skepticism toward government as well as toward such "elites" as economists, pollsters, academics, and journalists. At the conference, for example, Glen Bolger pointed out that although economists may agree the United States is no longer in a recession, if you poll voters, "one out of two people will tell you we're still in one."

The rancor toward elites now extends to the Presidency itself, a development that may be enfeebling the office. In her address the first night of the conference, historian Doris Kearns Goodwin praised the approach taken by Franklin Roosevelt, a subject of her 1994 Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *No Ordinary Time*. Roosevelt, she said, had "absolute confidence in himself and democracy and the American people" and a "unique ability to educate and motivate." Roosevelt differed from today's leaders in one important respect, Goodwin argued: "Unlike our current leaders, who are paralyzed by polls, twisting around to satisfy whims, FDR saw himself as an educator. He felt he had a responsibility to shape, rather than just reflect, public opinion."

In today's political climate, however, attempts by public figures to "educate" the electorate are likely to be seen as sleight-of-hand primarily benefiting "special interests." What's been lost, said James Fallows, is "the belief that the state is an enabling rather than an oppressing factor." This dark assumption, in Fallows's view, threatens to render the democratic state unable to alleviate such urgent problems as the income gap between rich and poor, a gap that has widened into a chasm in recent years.

Will any of this change any time soon? *Washington Post* columnist and conference panelist E.J. Dionne suggests in his new book, *They Only Look Dead*, that we are about to see a resurgence of a more progressive brand of politics. Whether or not Dionne is right, as Goodwin reminded her audience, "the real challenge of history is to reduce today's tendency to denigrate, to judge." At least it would be a good place to start. ☞

Anne Diffily, Jennifer Sutton, and Chad Galts contributed reporting to this story.

What's been lost, said political writer James Fallows, is "the belief that the state is an enabling rather than an oppressing factor."



The big picture: strategist Janet Showers
at the government trading desk on Salomon
Brothers' bond trading floor.

Janet Showers says she and her two sisters were brought up to do everything men could do. When it was time for her first driving lesson, "I got behind the wheel of our 1951 Mercury and my father simply said, 'Back out of the driveway.' It was a manual transmission, and the driveway sloped steeply down to a riverbank. I had to work out on my own how to do it — which I did, in fits and starts. A boyfriend of mine used to get upset because he thought my dad kept setting us up for failure, but we didn't see it that way. We felt challenged."

The cavernous streets of New York City's financial district are somewhat tougher to navigate than the family driveway, but again Showers has proven herself up to the challenge. As chief government bond strategist and managing director of Salomon Brothers, she's one of a handful of high-ranking women on Wall Street in the field of quantitative research. The specialty is still so dominated by men, Showers can't remember the last time a woman's resume crossed her desk.

But she's used to being one of a few. Showers played ice hockey for the Pandas and concentrated in applied mathematics when women were scarce in the hard sciences; she credits Brown's early computer-science strength with her essential grounding in "how computers work, from the binary level up." Her master's and Ph.D. in operations research — earned from Stanford and Columbia, respectively, while she worked as a researcher at Bell Labs — were in a relatively new, hybrid field that draws upon statistics, applied math, and computer science to create mathematical models of business systems.

Operations research, Showers explains, was developed during World War II to model the process of moving troops and equipment en masse. Now it's applied to everything from transportation to telephone switching to banking and credit. The field's versatility is what allowed Showers to move from Bell Labs to a management-science position in the corporate planning department at Chase

Street Smarts

At Brown Janet Showers learned computers "from the binary level up." Now, as Wall Street's top-ranked expert on government bonds, she's turning her knowledge into gold.



BY JANET PHILLIPS '70

Manhattan Bank in 1982 — a time when a finance background was the standard route to an investment career. A year later she was named vice president of the corporate-finance strategy group at Salomon Brothers.

In the early eighties Wall Street was just starting to grasp the potential of combining quantitative modeling with the power of computers. Showers was immediately intrigued by the variety of interesting questions the investment world posed and impressed by the innovative people who were trying to answer them. "I found I was working longer hours and never noticed it," she says, "because it was so invigorating."

As the financial industry diversified, providing an ever-widening range of investment options, technical modeling became an invaluable tool for analyzing markets and determining investment strategies. "People with technical backgrounds are indispensable now on Wall Street," Showers says. But with today's market being driven by so many factors, she adds, analysts must also see the big picture; that's where a liberal education comes in handy. "The market is influenced by psychology, politics, history, demographic and social trends, techno-

logical change, you name it," Showers observes. "The more you know about history and life, the better you understand it."

Showers's success on all those scores earned her *Institutional Investor* magazine's 1995 ranking as the top government-bond strategist on Wall Street. The magazine quoted a client who described her work as "a lot more applicable to the real world than other research done today," and another who said, "She can tell you how to make money on a day-to-day basis."

Being number one means routinely working fourteen-hour days and part of the weekend, because, as Showers points out, "You're never done until the numbers are right." She suspects she inherited her workaholic gene from her father, a former Penn professor of engineering who rarely took vacations and who devotes his retirement to research and consulting. After deferring her personal life for years, in 1993 Showers married lawyer Day Patterson, who introduced her and her father to golf.

"Now that I'm married, I take my vacations," Showers says. The couple relaxes at a lakeside summer home in Greensboro, Vermont, and makes spending time with her parents a priority. Showers also hopes to revive an old avocation — art — by signing up for a watercolor class. But she admits that her two cats, Cosmo and April, "are really my husband's cats. I'm not home enough for them to know me."

The long hours, however, are worth it. "This work is interesting, challenging, and satisfying," Showers says. "You can't do the job at anything less than 100 percent. The market changes, and you have to be prepared when the opportunities are there and the client calls." Mostly, though, she attributes her drive to the same determination that enabled a young teenaged girl to back a big car down a steep hill her first time behind the wheel. "I want to do what I do well," Showers says. ☞

Janet Phillips is a freelance writer living in Warwick, Rhode Island.

BY NORMAN BOUCHER

Science With a Human Face

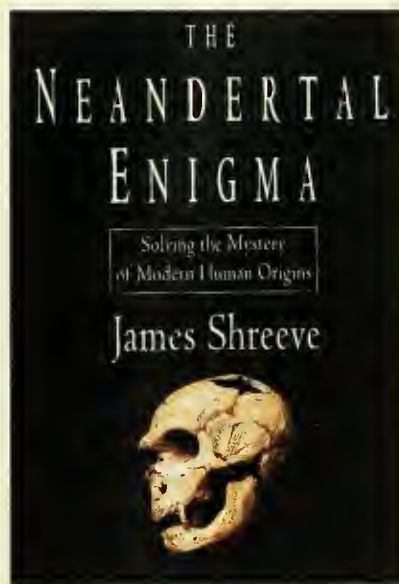
The Neandertal Enigma: Solving the Mystery of Modern Human Origins, by **James Shreeve** '73 (William Morrow and Co., New York, N.Y., 1995) \$25

Science journalism is a perilous balancing act. The writer must be immersed enough in the subject at hand to know where the emphases should lie while remaining enough of a dilettante to ask a lay reader's questions. Play it too simple and the science gets distorted; play it too expert and the reader gets lost.

In *The Neandertal Enigma*, James Shreeve, co-author of the 1991 *Lucy's Child* with anthropologist Donald Johanson, begins knowing very little and ends up proposing an idea that he hopes the big boys will consider. In between, Shreeve talks to more than 150 scientists and searches out fossils in the United States, Europe, Africa, and the Middle East. His quest is to find the point along the uncertain line of evolution where the first modern humans emerged from primates. As Shreeve skillfully points out, the nature and identity of our true ancestors has been one of the oldest and most bitterly contested questions in anthropology.

Much of the acrimony centers on the nature and fate of Neandertals, who vanished about 35,000 years ago, a date which coincides with the prominence of Cro-Magnons, whose modernity is far more certain. "Somehow, against all logic," Shreeve writes, "another kind of human had come in and stolen posterity from the Neandertals." Did this more recent Paleolithic creature fan out across the world from Africa and push the Neandertals into extinction, as some paleo-anthropologists have suggested? Or did widely separated populations of Neandertals gradually evolve into the several varieties of Cro-Magnons that are our direct racial and geographic ancestors? Or does the truth lie somewhere in between?

Shreeve's interest was piqued by *Newsweek's* 1988 cover story on the "Eve hy-



pothesis." This proposition, he explains, shattered the claim that we are the Neandertals' descendants, "that with a shave, a bath, and a new set of clothes, a typical Neandertal could travel incognito on the New York subway system," as a pair of anthropologists argued in 1957. Using new techniques that can accurately read DNA sequences from the minutest amounts of material, Allan Wilson, a gnomic molecular biologist at the University of California at Berkeley, led a team that traced all mitochondrial DNA back to a single African female who lived roughly 200,000 years ago. This, he declared, was the precise point where fully modern human beings arose. (Wilson died a few years after developing the hypothesis.)

Wilson's work threatened to render much of anthropology irrelevant to the search for human origins. No longer would there be a need to decode the evolution of tools and other ancient artifacts. Having arisen long before Eve, Neandertals now would have to be considered little more than a diverting evolutionary dead-end.

Shreeve's description of the battle over the Eve hypothesis is exciting, lucid, and evenhanded. His book is enlivened by vivid portrayals of the scientists he encounters on his worldwide search. The University of Michigan's Milford Wolpoff, the most formidable intellectual opponent of the Eve hypothesis, is described over an ample lunch, for exam-

ple, as having a "big face and grin and swelling billows of discourse that came pouring over from his side of the booth."

At its best, *The Neandertal Enigma* reads like a good mystery peopled by characters trying to persuade the investigator of the seamlessness of their thinking. Shreeve picks the brain of one anthropologist after another, tracking them down in Parisian cafés and Israeli caves. He uncovers clue after clue, persuaded by one scientist and dissuaded by the next, trying to discern which clues will eventually turn into red herrings. His exploration of the Eve hypothesis, for example, contains the warning that an unanticipated flaw would one day cause it to crumble; the suspense is resolved 200 pages later, when we learn that the computer analysis that produced the hypothesis was far shakier than first thought.

At other times, however, Shreeve is learning so much so quickly that this reader, at least, found keeping up difficult. Things get even more complicated in the last two chapters, when Shreeve shifts

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



James Shreeve traces his ambitions as a writer to his undergraduate days as an English concentrator, studying under then-

Professor of English John Hawkes. Shreeve, who lives in Takoma Park, Maryland, gave up writing what he describes as "rather surreal, avant-garde stuff" when a job at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute introduced him to non-fiction writing. "It was an enormous relief to have something to write about that you didn't have to make up all yourself," he says. *The Neandertal Enigma*, he adds, "has generally had a very good reception among the public," but the feedback from scientists hasn't yet been as ample as he'd hoped. Avon will publish the paperback edition in September.

from a science journalist to a minor participant in the anthropological debate. Ultimately, Shreeve argues, Neandertal social organization was so rudimentary that their reproduction could not keep up with the more mobile and prolific Cro-Magnons. Although this might be a reasonable conclusion, by abandoning the role of science writer for that of advocate Shreeve drains his narrative of drama and conflict. The reader is left to evaluate the merits of the author's position single-handedly.

But this is a minor quibble. Shreeve's book should be read by anyone who has tried to imagine what life for the Neandertals was like, and why, as Shreeve writes, they "were squeezed into ever-shrinking pockets of habitation that eventually petered out altogether, like the dying embers of an abandoned hearth."

Briefly Noted

Be I Whole, by **Gita Brown** '86 A.M. (MacMurray & Beck, Aspen, Colo., 1995), \$16.95.

Set in rural Ohio in the 1950s, Brown's first novel tells the powerful story

of the relationship between Papa Job, an itinerant bellhop-turned-furniture-restorer from Detroit, and Sizway, a West Indian herbalist with deep spiritual roots in her community.

American Plastic: A Cultural History, by **Jeffrey L. Meikle** '71 (Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N.J., 1995), \$49.95.

An exhaustively researched chronicle of things plastic and the evolution of their production, this book defies the artificial-

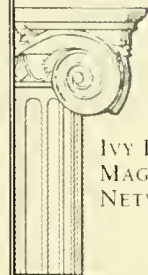
ity of its subject matter. From Bakelite to Tupperware to faux Christmas trees – it's the genuine article.

Animalogies: "A Fine Kettle of Fish" and 150 other Animal Expressions, by **Michael Macrone** '82 (Doubleday, New York, N.Y., 1995), \$14.95.

This book goes whole hog with animal clichés, giving witty, succinct explanations and historical perspectives for everything from bulls in china shops to "prescient groundhogs." – C.G.

The Ivies. They work.

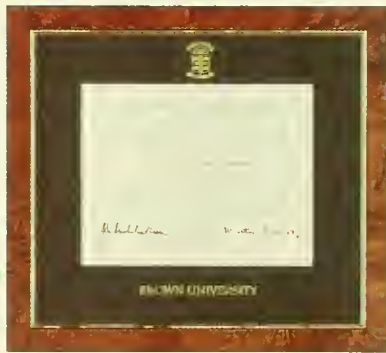
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Brown's 1976 Ultimate Frisbee Team, perhaps in need of some ultimate haircuts. In the year this photo was taken, founder and organizer Ron Kaufman '78, middle row center, told the *BAM* Ultimate was "a combination of football, soccer, rugby, and basketball."

THE CLASSES

BY CHAD GAITS



BROWN PHOTO LIBRARY

1926 70th Reunion

No one has offered to help carry our 70th reunion banner down the hill on Commencement Day, or keep me company during Monday's Fifty-Plus luncheon and Sunday's Hour with the President. I feel lonelier than the Maytag repair man. Please help an old man enjoy his 70th reunion! Call me at (401) 751-0877. — Gus Anthony

1927

Oscar Fishtein has published his first novel, *I'll Sell You a Million Jews* (Christopher Publishing House, Boston, \$19.95). Based on the history of the Holocaust, the novel's title comes from an offer made by Adolf Eichmann to the protagonist, Lionel Miller, who struggles to rescue Hungarian Jews from the Nazis. Oscar was a social worker with New York City's Department of Welfare before starting an export company in 1947. After a successful career in real estate, he earned a master of arts from Rutgers and began teaching at Union College, Cranford, N.J., where he is now professor emeritus.

1931 65th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy finalizing plans for the Pembroke and Brown 65th reunion to be held Memorial Day Weekend, May 24-27. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

1932

The women of 1932 plan to meet on May 25 for a mini-reunion at noon in the Refectory. Please call Kitty Jackson (401) 789-7749 or Dot Budlong (401) 331-8474 by May 10 to reserve a spot. — Dorothy Budlong

WHAT'S NEW?

Please send the latest about your job, family, travels, or other news to *The Classes*, Brown Alumni Monthly, Box 1854, Providence, R.I. 02912; fax (401) 863-9595; e-mail B.A.M@brownm.brown.edu. Or you may send a note via your class secretary. Deadline for the September classnotes: June 15.

1933

Edgar Dannenberg retired last June from Gruntal & Co. in New York City, where he was a stockbroker. "Despite approaching my 85th year I chose not to be idle," he writes. He is working in the New York City office of Nelle Nugent, the Tony award-winning producer of *Amadeus*, *The Elephant Man*, and *Dracula*. "It is entirely different from Wall Street and a great learning experience."

1934

Dave Caldwell, Chagrin Falls, Ohio, is proud to announce the addition of three grandchildren. Eldest daughter Kate gave birth to her third boy, Gabriel, last October; youngest daughter Anne to her fourth child, Kira, last November; and middle daughter Allison, "after unsuccessfully trying many routes to acquire an offspring," has a foster child, Ashley, whom she and her husband hope to adopt in May. They are all, of course, adorable. Kate's son Nicholas is a freshman at Gilmour Academy and a member of the swimming team, "doing the 100-meter freestyle much better than his grandfather ever did at Brown."

1936 60th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been finalizing plans for the 60th reunion to be held this Memorial Day weekend, May 24-27. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

1940

Dorothy Naiden Ellis retired as coordinator of Ohio public school libraries and president of the Ohio Library and Media Association. A licensed single-engine pilot, she gave her author husband William an aerial view of the land he writes about. She misses her three young grandsons, who live in England.

1941 55th Reunion

As a result of our October reunion mailing, we have three new addresses of classmates we had lost contact with: **Robert E. Lynch**, West 8069 Clayton Rd., Clayton, Mo. 63117; **Natalie Rouslin Miller**, 84 Savoy St., Providence, R.I. 02906; and **Ronald Smith Jr.**

P.O. Box 801, Montross, Va. 22520.

The planning continues; we want to make sure that all attendees have a wonderful visit. Our mini-reunion on Nantucket was proof positive that Forty-Oners are a congenial bunch. Our 55th, May 24-27, is another chance to gather as a class. Still undecided about coming? Think positive! Send in your registration form and check - you will enjoy the weekend. - *Earl W. Hamington Jr.*

1942

The class will host a casual cocktail party on Sunday of Commencement Weekend in the Barker room of Gardner House. Called the Lenny Hone Party after a frequent campus visitor, the party is for all members of '42 who happen to be in town. We hope you will be there. - *Susan Weatherhead*

1944

Preston Atwood and his wife, Lois, spent Christmas with their son, **David** '72, and his family in Dhaka, Bangladesh. They made side trips to Nepal, Bangkok, New Zealand, and Tahiti. David is a foreign service officer with U.S. Aid and will return to Washington this summer after nine years of overseas service.

1946 50th Reunion

The time for our 50th reunion draws closer, and your final registration mailing will be arriving soon. We have a gala weekend planned, May 24-27. Come back to Providence to share college memories and update the stories of our lives. Stay through Monday for the traditional walk through the Van Wickle Gates and down College Hill. If you have not received any mailings, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

1947

Dorothy Worley, Hudson, Ohio, widow of the late **Claude Worley Jr.**, announces the birth of her grandson, Grant Pierce Worley, on Jan. 3.

1948

The Pembroke class of 1948 will share an off-year reunion luncheon with the classes of '45, '47, and '49 on Saturday, May 25, at the Brown Faculty Club. Take this opportunity to meet friends from other classes who were at Brown with us.

The chair of the 50th reunion committee, **Betty Montali Smith**, called a meeting of

the class executive committee for a preliminary discussion of this major event. Class members who would like to take part in planning or who have suggestions should contact Betty at 23 Touisset Road, Warren, R.I. 02885; (401) 245-5685. - *Breiffny Feely Walsh*

1949

There will be an off-year, multi-class reunion luncheon on Saturday, May 25, with the classes of '45, '47, and '48 at the Brown Faculty Club. Our spring newsletter will have details on this great opportunity to visit with friends who were on campus when we were. Save the date.

Lois Jagolinzer Fain wants her classmates to know that as of January 13th it was too cold to plant geraniums in her yard in Florida.

Mail your news to our secretary, **Mari-lyn Silverman Ehrenhaus**, 638 Woodlawn St., Fall River, Mass. 02720. - *Dolores Pastore DiPrete*

1950

John P. Bourcier, North Scituate, R.I., received the 1995 Citizen of the Year award from the Rhode Island Trial Lawyers Association in appreciation for his many years of service to the state's Superior Court, and to celebrate his nomination as a state Supreme Court Justice. John, who formerly practiced civil and criminal law, served as Associate Justice of the Superior Court for more than twenty years.

1951 45th Reunion

Reserve May 24-27 for our 45th reunion. It will be a great follow-up to our 40th. There will be a dinner-dance at the Squantum Club with music by our own **Len Balaban** and the Balaban and Cats Orchestra, and a cruise to Newport on the *Vista Jubilee* with a clamboil on the return trip. The events are filling up, so get your reservation in before it's too late. If you have questions call **Bill Surprenant** at (401) 732-4066.

1952

Tom Dimeo (see **Steve Winoker** '89).

1953

Jim Winoker (see **Steve Winoker** '89).

1956 40th Reunion

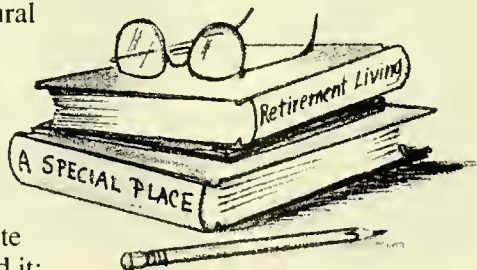
The countdown has started, and we are looking for you to return for the 40th reunion. Mark your calendars for May 24-27. You won't want to miss a minute of the camaraderie and nostalgia. Your registration mailing should

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A sprinkling of those stirring the intellectual pot:

Agnes Gund, chair of board of N.Y.'s
Museum of Modern Art, and Brown
Professor of History of Art and Archi-
tecture **Kermit Champa**



Tim Forbes '76,
president of
*American Her-
itage* magazine

Brown Professor
of Sociology
Calvin Gold-

scheider and Brown parent **Stephen
Cohen**, president for the Center
for Peace and Development

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H. Robert Horvitz

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Davis '46**

President of the University of Bologna
Fabio Roversi Monaco



Associate Justice
of the Supreme
Court **Sandra
Day O'Connor**



Singer-songwriter
**Mary Chapin
Carpenter '81**

Winterthur
Library Director
**Gary Kulik '80
Ph.D.**

Author and financial planner

Beth Kobliner '86

Brown Professor of Physics **David Cutts**

Brown Dean of Medicine and Professor
Emeritus **Stanley Aronson, M.D.**



Academy Award winner, visual-effects
specialist **Scott Anderson '86**

Ita Ekamen '71 Ph.D., UN Economic
Commission for Africa



CNN news corre-
spondent **Ralph
Begleiter '71**

arrive shortly. If you did not receive the fall mailing, please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

Jack D. Samuels celebrated his 60th birthday at the Beverly Hills Country Club in Los Angeles in December. Seventy-five friends and family members were on hand, including his wife, Janet, son **Donald** '83, and daughter-in-law **Linda** '85. Also attending were Elmer Cornwell, Brown professor of political science, who was Jack and Donald's honors professor; **LeRoy Aarons** '55, Jack's roommate at Brown; and **John Nickoll** '57 and his wife, Ann.

1961 35th Reunion

Celebrate with us May 24-27 — our 35th is just around the corner. Reunion chairs **Jane Arcaro Scola**, **Claire Henderson**, **Peter Hurley**, **Chelsey Carrier Remington**, **David Remington**, **Chuck Royce**, and their hard-working committees have planned exciting events, from Friday's cocktail reception to Sunday's clambake, with time to enjoy the company of old friends. Don't miss a minute of the camaraderie and nostalgia. Return your registration forms as soon as you receive them.

John F. Huntsman II (see **Elizabeth Huntsman** '92).

1965

Allan T. Walsh suffered severe facial injuries in a car accident in July 1994. He was in a coma for three weeks and in the hospital for eight months. Recovery has been difficult because the damage was more acute on the right side than on the left, making it impossible for his eyes to work together without additional surgery. Allan would like to hear from any qualified people, eye surgeons in particular, who feel they can help his condition. He can be reached at (610) 992-1490; Marquis Apartments, Apt. C101, 251 West DeKolb Pike, King of Prussia, Pa. 19406.

1966 30th Reunion

Are you ready? Save the dates, May 24-27, and come back to Brown. Your reunion committee has a variety of activities planned. Come join the fun and share in some old and new memories. Your registration mailing should arrive shortly. If you did not receive the fall mailing, please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

1968

Terence A. Harkin has completed his twentieth year as a Hollywood cameraman. "I worked longer and harder than I ever imagined, sitting in at R.I.S.D.'s intro to film production class back in 1967," he writes, "and

I wouldn't trade my job as a cameraman for the world." The highlights of 1995 included working on the final episode of H.B.O.'s Emmy-winning series, *Dream On*; filming *Third Rock from the Sun*, with John Lithgow; and working for the second time with director **Will Mackenzie** '60.

Douglas L. Frazier and his wife, Gloria Santana (University of Michigan '77 J.D.), announce the birth of Daniel Lawrence on Nov. 3. "He is now over ten pounds and sucking fuel like a jet engine!" Doug wrote in December. Gloria was promoted to associate general counsel of MacDonald's Corp., and is responsible for all real estate, domestic and international financing, and corporate securities and contract administration. Doug is an attorney in Chicago.

1970

Susan Godsell Baust, Southboro, Mass., was glad to see everyone at the 25th reunion. Her husband Roger (M.I.T. '60) died September 6 after a valiant battle against cancer.

Rick Schwertfeger '70, '72 M.A.T., Austin, Tex., and his wife, Marcia Desy, announce the birth of Casey on October 23, 1994. He joins his brother Brady, 5, a kindergarten at Patton Elementary School. Rick

is in touch with **Mike Churgin**, now at the University of Texas Law School; **Brenda Lindfors** '84; and **Amy Warr** '89. All visitors to central Texas are invited to look the Schwertfegers up.

1971 25th Reunion

Martha Clark Goss, **Deborah Dougherty**, **Bob Flanders**, **Robert Solomon**, **Ned Wilson**, and their committees look forward to celebrating the 25th reunion with a record crowd of classmates, May 24-27. There will be a welcoming reception hosted by President and Mrs. Gregorian, Saturday forums featuring our own classmates, a gala downtown dinner at the Providence Arcade on Saturday night, and a clambake on the water on Sunday. We've budgeted ample time for everyone to become reacquainted with old friends. Please return your registration forms as soon as possible.

Clement F. Shearer has been reappointed to the Central Association of College and University Business Officers' Drive-In Workshop Committee. The committee develops and presents regional drive-in workshops on contemporary business issues. Dean of budget and planning at Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., since 1989, Clement had been an engineer with the U.S. Geological

DANIEL CAIN '68

"Tom Sawyer" Makes Good

Daniel Cain (far left), with the help of Charles Banks Jr. '62, James M. Seed '63, Albert Y. Bingham Jr. '65, Peter Voss '68, and Eugene White '51 (not pictured), made good on Charles Doebler's (center, hands on chair) gamble to let him enter the Van Wickle Gates by raising \$1.25 million to endow the Marilyn and Charles Hay Doebler IV Directorship of Admission. The endowment was announced in January.

"If you saw my grades, you'd know I was a 'Tom Sawyer' student," Cain told the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. The Tom Sawyer program was funded by a Ford Foundation grant and overseen by Doebler from 1963 to 1966. It reserved 10 percent of the space in Brown freshman classes for students with less-than-stellar academic records, but

outstanding character or personal traits.

Cain, a founding partner in Cain Brothers & Company, an investment banking firm in New York City, says he "wanted to do something to recognize Charlie Doebler, who was my mentor at Brown, keeping me on the straight and narrow."

The director of admission from 1957 to 1969, Doebler has never disclosed the names of the so-called "Tom Sawyers," so Cain and his fellow donors are taking it on faith that Brown took a risk with their admissions. As President Gregorian said at the dedication, "I will leave it up to them to tell you whether they are 'Tom Sawyers' or not."



Survey after receiving his Ph.D. from UC-Santa Cruz in 1978.

1973

Katharine Cobb and her husband, Erik Balber, announce their adoption of Emily last July. They traveled to Hangzhou, China, where she was born Mar. 4, 1995, to adopt her. She joins Anna, 8. Katharine is a trial bureau chief at the Manhattan District Attorney's office, and Erik is a partner in a small law firm. They live at 600 West End Ave., #7D, New York City 10024, and would like to hear from "old friends and anyone interested in Chinese adoption experiences." E-mail: 73700.654@compuserve.com.

Peter Durfee's new business address was incorrectly stated in the December B.A.M. It is Durfee & Root, 33 College Hill Rd., Suite 15D, Warwick, R.I. 02886; (401) 823-5533.

Warren Trepeta and his wife, Pat, announce the birth of Glenn Phillip on November 24, 1994. Alex is 6. They live in Park Slope, Brooklyn, N.Y.

1974

David Stark became professor and chairman of the University of Nebraska Medical Center's radiology department in February. He specializes in magnetic resonance imaging, particularly as it applies to abdominal imaging, and has more than 120 publications to his credit, including two award-winning textbooks. David was previously a professor of radiology and director of MRI at the University of Massachusetts.

1976 20th Reunion

Save the dates, May 24-27, and come back to Brown. Your committee has planned a variety of activities so everyone can enjoy the weekend. Come join the fun and share in old and new memories. You should be receiving your registration mailing shortly. If you did not receive the fall mailing, please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

Please send in your biographical update for our yearbook. The update is only one page, and without yours the reunion yearbook will not be the same. If you need a form, please call (401) 863-1947 or Mary Tsangarakis, (401) 521-3770. — Mary Tsangarakis

1977

George Barrett and **Debbie Neimeth** congratulate **Alan DeClerck** on the birth of his son. Alan's whereabouts, however, remain a mystery. "There was no return address on the birth announcement. Where are you?"

Jeanne Meyers, Laguna Beach, Calif., invites classmates to check out her interactive

HUGH DELEHANTY '70

Sacred Pages

When Eric Utne went looking for a new editor for *Utne Reader*, he needed someone who was familiar with the magazine business, could write and edit great copy in his sleep, and would talk unabashedly about his spirituality and his vision of American culture. He found everything he was looking for in Hugh Delehanty, a senior editor at *People* magazine who had just co-authored, with Chicago Bulls head coach Phil Jackson, *Sacred Hoops: Spiritual Lessons of a Hardwood Warrior*.

"Eric wanted someone on a strong spiritual quest," Delehanty says. "And he happened to get a copy of *Sacred Hoops* on the same day he took over coaching his son's basketball team." Delehanty's background in magazine journalism includes editing stints at *Sports Illustrated* and *FYI* before joining *People*, but what set him apart was his commitment to spirituality.

Delehanty, a practicing Buddhist, first met Phil Jackson during an interview for a sports column in *Tricycle*, a Buddhist magazine. "He was carrying *Zen Mind, Beginners' Mind* with him," Delehanty says, referring to a famous collection of teachings, or



CLAY MACAGRIAN

dharma talks. "Phil doesn't have much use for the old 'unless you know who you're talking to, you don't talk about religion' rule." Their book integrates discussions of Zen and other spiritual traditions with Jackson's real-world successes on the basketball court.

That combination of the spiritual and the practical is what has made *Utne Reader* so popular. Long known as the *Reader's Digest* of the alternative media, the magazine now excerpts articles and solicits contributions from big names and mainstream publications. "*Utne* doesn't have an axe it's trying to grind," Delehanty says. "It gives multiple perspectives on issues and tells us what the future can become. Big, simple ideas *can* change the world."

Website and sign the guestbook: <http://myhero.com>. "Who's your hero?"

1978

James C. Burr has been elected a managing partner at the Chapman and Cutler law firm. Practicing out of the Salt Lake City office, he specializes in system and project financing for joint action, municipal, cooperative, and electric utilities. James joined the firm in 1984, after earning his law degree at the University of Wisconsin.

David Jones recently received his second Navy-Marine Corps achievement medal while serving at the Naval War College in Newport, R.I. A lieutenant commander, David was awarded the medal for his coordination of a three-week tactical exercise with more than 1,000 participants.

Richard D. Katzman and **Jane Dray**

Katzman '81 announce the birth of Thomas Max on Aug. 3. He joins sister Peni, 3½.

1980

Jeffrey E. Piazza married Jean M. Sullivan on Oct. 8. They live in Redwood City, Calif.

1981 15th Reunion

Send in your registration forms and get ready for the fabulous 15th, May 24-27. Reunion chairs **Suzanne Curley**, **Howard Fife**, **Ginny McQueen**, **Q. Nelson Kellogg**, **Dave Kellogg**, **Basil Williams**, and their committee have planned a special weekend, with plenty of time for connecting with old friends. We look forward to seeing you.

Marshall Jaffe and his wife Naomi,

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Larchmont, N.Y., announce the birth of Henry Salomon on July 13.

Arlie Nogay has been elected a partner in Reed, Smith, Shaw, & McClay's Pittsburgh office. He has been with the firm since 1987, working in the corporate and banking group of the business and finance department. A member of the American and Pennsylvania bar associations, he was elected to the Order of the Coif at the University of Pittsburgh School of Law and was editor-in-chief of its *Law Review*. His articles have appeared in the *Journal of College and University Law*. Arlie lives in Franklin Park with his wife, May Hackett, and their sons, Walter and Robert.

1982

Louis Schaefer, Longwood, Fla., has been named southeast regional sales director for Software Emancipation Technology Inc. Previously he was a sales manager with Parametric Technology Corp. and Computervision Corp.

1983

Sassan Ghahramani and Lily Ann announce the birth of twins, Gregory Cyrus and Kimberly Leah, on Dec. 28. They join Julia, 1½. Sassan is a foreign exchange trader at Lehman Brothers in New York City. They live in Greenwich, Conn., and can be reached at (203) 629-3884.

Jennifer Moses and **Ron Beller** returned to New York City in February 1995, after four years in Tokyo and Hong Kong. They announce the birth of Jesse David on June 1. Sarah is 3. Jennifer and Ron are still with Goldman Sachs.

Donald Samuels (see Jack D. Samuels '56).

Patricia Blanrock Seiler announces the birth of Thomas on Aug. 8. He joins sisters Katy, 5, and Vicky, 3. She also reports that **Gigi McDaniel Kerns** had a son last summer. On a road trip with her daughters during the summer of 1994, Patricia met up with **Tom Stockton** '82 and his parents, **Fred** '49 Sc.M.,

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PROVENCE. Charming 4-bedroom, 2-bath village house. Fireplace, antiques, terrace, garden. Small wine town near Avignon. 415-955-5656.

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Queen of the One-liners

"I've struggled with being a smart-ass my whole life," says advertising copywriter Anne Trumbore. "Now I get paid for it." Featured as a "movie advertising whiz-kid" in the December issue of *Premiere* magazine, she writes tag lines, trailers, and pitches for major Hollywood films.

Trumbore was working as a secretary with a Hollywood ad agency when her talent for one-liners got the attention of her bosses, who put her to work on media campaigns for such films as *Blankman* ("Coming to save your butt"), *Gettysburg* ("Same land, same god, different dreams"), and *Toys* ("Laughter is a state of mind").

Trumbore recently formed her own com-



pany, Rocket Science – named, she says, for what copywriting is *not*. "People in advertising get hysterical pretty easily," she says. "It's what I would say when they were having aneurysms over *Weekend at Bernie's II*."

While studying semiotics at Brown, Trumbore worked for several small newspapers and wrote obituaries for the *Providence Journal*. After graduation she interviewed with a Wall Street publisher. "I saw my life closing in around me, freaked out, and bought a plane

ticket to L.A. – even though I'd never been there," she says. Once in Los Angeles, she worked a series of jobs, including a six-week stint as a taxi dancer. "It's the modern equivalent of a dime-a-dance girl," Trumbore says, "sleazy and depressing, but very innocent."

Recently Trumbore has been working on *Spy Hard*, a new movie starring Leslie Nielsen. "His character's name is Dick Steele," she says. "You can pretty much guess what the first round of suggestions was like on that one." Rocket Science has also worked on promotional campaigns for *Rumble in the Bronx* ("Are you ready to rumble?"), and *Dunston Checks In* ("He's turning a five-star hotel into a three-ring circus").

"There are about ten or twenty people who do what I do regularly," Trumbore says. Film publicists "call me when they want to get it down to four words. And they said I'd never be able to use my semiotics degree."

'53 Ph.D., and **Doris** '47 Sc.M., '58 Ph.D. Patricia's husband, Joe, works at Harris Corp., and she is at home raising the children. They can be reached at 5559 South U.S. Hwy. 1, Rockledge, Fla. 32955.

1984

Jane Drury was promoted to principal of Technology Solutions Co., a Chicago-based management consulting firm. She still travels extensively, but is back in Chicago most weekends. Friends can reach Jane at (800) 759-2250; or jdrury@earthlink.net.

Jennifer Montana Glatt and her husband, David, announce the birth of Marissa Emily on September 26. Big sister Jordan turned 2 the day before. The family moved to Doylestown, Pa., in January.

David L. Klatsky, Los Angeles, was made a partner in the international law firm of McDermott, Witt, & Emery. He is a member of the firm's health law department, specializing in mergers, acquisitions, affiliations, and marketing arrangements among hospitals, medical groups, and physicians. He graduated from the UCLA School of Law in 1990, and attended the Institut d'Études Politiques at the University of Paris.

1985

Stephen G. Kimmel '90 M.D., Long Beach,

Calif., is chief resident in surgery at UC-Irvine. "If anyone had told me, a sixth-generation Rhode Islander, that I'd still be in Los Angeles six years after graduation, I would not have thought it possible," he writes. Stephen was **David Stern**'s best man at his wedding to Annie Meid in New York City in December. Stephen can be reached at 3409 E. Ocean Blvd. #4, Long Beach 90803 until June 30.

The *BAM* regrets misspelling the name of **Daphne Moore**'s baby boy, Jordan Moore-Butler, in the February classnotes.

Rosie Perera received her pilot instrument rating in March 1995. She had a great time at the tenth reunion, and would love to hear from those who weren't there, at 22112 N.E. 9th Place, Redmond, Wash. 98053; (206) 868-2571; or rosiep@microsoft.com

Jim Protos married Grace Cosachov in New York City on November 4. He is communications manager for North America at Schlumberger Ltd. Grace is a vice president at McKenzie Partners Inc. They live in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Linda Samuels (see **Jack D. Samuels** '36).

1986 10th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been finalizing plans for the 10th, to be held this Memorial Day Weekend, May 24-27. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion

headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

Lisa Braff Shea and her husband, **Robert Shea Jr.** '87, Barrington, R.I., announce the birth of their first child, Noah Benjamin, on Oct. 26.

Pamela Weiler Grayson and **Douglas Grayson** '89 M.D. announce the birth of Deanna Hope on July 31. Pam is an associate at the law firm of Martin, Clearwater, & Bell; Doug is an ophthalmologist in Manhattan and New Jersey. They hope to initiate Deanna into the Brown family at the reunion in May.

1987

Eric Bloch is working for Silicon Graphics and trying to finish his Ph.D. in sociology at Stanford. He has been living in the same apartment in San Francisco for the last six years, works for **Eva Manolis** '85, '87 Sc.M., and sees **Bent Hagemark** '90 regularly. "I had a superb New Year's Eve in New York City, where my wife Laura (Princeton '88) and I got to hang out with **Nick** and **Kim Mrazek Hastings**, **Scooter Alpert**, and **Jonathan** and **Marcy Miller Schaffir**."

Andrew Krantz married Laura Simon (American '85) last November in New York City. He is working at the law office of Gerald Marks in Red Bank, N.J., specializing in franchise and environmental law. She is a manager and buyer for ABC Carpet and Home. They live in New York City.

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1989

Jonathan F. Bastian announces the birth of Marissa McKinley on Jan. 13. Mom Julie (Northern Illinois University '88) is doing well. They hoped to have Marissa home in time to cheer for the Steelers in the Super Bowl.

Timothy Stern's e-mail address in the February classnotes contained a superfluous hyphen. The correct address is timstern@microsoft.com.

Rich Sturim and **Polly Harris** (Middlebury '84) were married on Aug. 12 in Packwood, Mass. A number of alumni attended the ceremony. Polly is a wetlands scientist with the Nature Conservancy of Washington and with Adolfsen and Associates. Rich is an environmental scientist with Roy F. Weston Inc. The couple lives in Seattle.

Karen Weiner is enjoying her second year of teaching third grade in Wilbraham, Mass. "Following time-honored tradition," she writes, "I am engaged to marry an alum." **Mike Brandstein** '88, '95 Ph.D. They will marry in October.

Steve Winoker and **Nina Dimeo** were married Oct. 7 in Bristol, R.I. Fathers of the groom and bride are **Jim Winoker** '53 and **Tom Dimeo** '52. **Brad Frishberg** and **Ray**

Moreno '90, '97 M.D. were ushers, and **Paul Dimeo** '83 and **Martha Boss Bennett** '93 A.M. also participated in the ceremony. Many other alumni were in attendance. Steve and Nina honeymooned in Italy, Israel, and Petra, Jordan. Steve graduated from Harvard Business School as a Baker Scholar in 1994, and now works for Bain and Co., Boston. The couple relocated to Bain's office in Sydney, Australia, in late February. In January Brad, who had been working in Hong Kong, moved with his fiancée, Amy Siegel, to London, where he will work as a Japanese fund manager for J.P. Morgan.

1990

Jordan Orange has successfully defended his Ph.D. in immunology at Brown. His dissertation is entitled "Interleukin-12 and Viral Infections."

Luther Jenkins and his wife, Jacqueline, recently purchased a home in Newport News, Va. Luther, an aerospace research engineer at the NASA Langley Research Center in Hampton, Va., is pursuing a master's in fluid mechanics and thermal sciences. They can be reached at 49 Peters Lane, Newport News 23606; (804) 599-4311.

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1991 5th Reunion

Get ready to celebrate the 5th, May 24-27. Reunion chairs **Abby Marr, Tracy Mencher, Christie O'Neil, John Roberti, Tracy Scronic, Evan Silver, Susie Wilenzik Vore**, and their great committee look forward to seeing a record-breaking crowd. Don't forget to register as soon as possible — we want to save you a spot.

Jennifer Gaffney has returned to her teaching job in Vail, Colo., after a season teaching alpine skiing in New South Wales, Australia. She was a bridesmaid in **Molly O'Rourke's** wedding last July, and a member of **Meg Bishop's** bridal party on New Year's Eve. Jennifer looks forward to the 5th reunion.

Erik Kuselias was recently elected city councilman in Hamden, Conn. He teaches history at Gateway College and practices law at Updike, Kelley, & Spellacy P.C. in Hartford. He got his law degree at the University of Michigan Law School and passed the Connecticut bar in 1995. Old friends can reach him at 159 Exeter Rd., Hamden 06518.

Mary Morrison, Minneapolis, is completing her master's degree in counseling and psychotherapy and working at a shelter for battered women and children. She mar-

ried Rich O'Connor last May. They plan to move to northern California this summer "so we can ski, golf, and enjoy the sunshine year-round."

1992

Elizabeth Huntsman is living in Rye Brooke, N.Y., with Kevin Lee, and teaching horseback riding at the Ox Ridge Hunt Club in Darien, Conn. She reports that her father, **John F. Huntsman II '61**, an attorney in Newburyport, Mass., spends his spare time fishing and sailing. Elizabeth can be reached at Box 1067, Darien, Conn. 06820. "Can't wait for Campus Dance '96."

Alisa K. Roth is an associate in the New York office of the international law firm of Fulbright & Jaworski L.L.P. She received a J.D. in 1995 from New York University School of Law and will develop a practice in corporate law.

Lauren Traister, Burlington, Vt., has finished her first semester in the natural resource planning master's program at UVM. She has been doing a lot of skiing. She spent New Year's Eve in Boston with **Kara Kee** and **Dave Borah**. Lauren recently saw **Becky Levenson**, who was vacationing in

Maine, "on a break from her hectic Washington, D.C., job."

1994

Cameron Martin, New York City, has completed his year in Nicaragua and is now enrolled in a two-semester independent study program at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

1995

Peter Bartle graduated from the U.S. Marine Corps Officer Candidate School in Quantico, Va., and was commissioned a second lieutenant. He is now at the Basic School in Quantico for more advanced training.

Jennifer Sonnenblick and **Jason Skolnick** were married last June 17. **Lisa Lepson** was a bridesmaid, and **David Roman** was a groomsman. They honeymooned in Paris, then went on safari in Kenya and Tanzania. Jennifer is attending Tufts medical school and Jason is a stockbroker for Dean Witter. The couple can be reached at 98 Appleton St. #2, Boston 02116; (617) 859-8525.

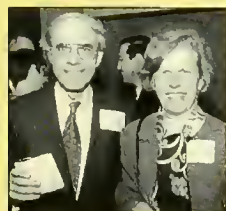
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George Fisher '64 Sc.M., '66 Ph.D., CEO of Eastman Kodak Co., was named one of the top twenty-five managers of the year by *Business Week* magazine. *Forbes* featured his work at Kodak in its January 1 issue.

MD

Douglas Grayson '89 (see '86).
Stephen G. Kimmel '90 (see '85).

OBITUARIES

Elbridge A. Minard '21, Concord, N.H.; Dec. 8. He was an accountant for Raytheon Co. He is survived by a son, Richard, R.R. 1, Box 241, Alstead, N.H. 03602.

Ruth Marvel Manzigan '23, '25 A.M., Fall River, Mass.; Dec. 4. A history teacher in the Providence school system, she was secretary of the Rehoboth, Mass., Historical Commission; and a member of the Republican Town Committee and the Antiquarian Society. Phi Beta Kappa.

Charles S. Mirabile '25, Lakeville, Conn.; Dec. 6. He received his M.D. from McGill in 1930 and was a urology surgeon at the Hartford Hospital, where he became chief of staff. He is survived by a son and a daughter.

Edward S. Chodorov '26, New York City; Oct. 8, 1988. He was a playwright and independent producer. The 1944 production of his play *Decision* was hailed by *Life* magazine as an "ennobling moral success." A stage manager for various theater companies, he moved to Hollywood and became a writer-producer for 20th Century Fox in 1948, moving back to New York City shortly thereafter. He is survived by his wife, Rosemary, 400 West 43rd St., Apt. KK, New York City 10036.

Nicholas Fiore '26, Medford, N.J.; Nov. 11, 1986. He received his law degree from the New Jersey School of Law, worked for several years as personal secretary to U.S. Senator Robert Kean, and served as a sergeant-at-arms at the 1928 Republican National Convention. He retired as a partner in the law firm of Desiderio & Fiore. He is survived by his wife, Nelhe, of Manahawkin, N.J.; and two sons.

Norma Mathewson Nelson '26, Providence; Dec. 4. A medical laboratory technician at Homeopathic Hospital in Providence, she

was a nurse's aide during World War II. She was president of her class. Mrs. Nelson is survived by a son, Peter, and two grandsons.

William Ripley Jr. '26, Cohasset, Mass.; May 13, 1994. He was a science and mathematics teacher, a football and baseball coach, and eventually superintendent of the Cohasset school system, retiring in 1969 after forty-two years of service. He received an Ed.M. from Harvard in 1945. He is survived by his niece, **Judith Quinn** '54, 19 Chestnut St., Johnston, R.I. 02919.

Agnes Duffy Cooney '27, Atlanta; Dec. 4. She is survived by a daughter, Carol F. Barry.

Lydia F. Linton '31, Wakefield, R.I.; Dec. 28. The recipient of a 1952 Fulbright Grant, she taught French at South Kingstown High School for thirty-eight years. She was on the executive committees of the R.I. Group of the Modern Language Association and the state chapter of the American Association of Teachers of French, a member of the French Folklore Society, and an active member of the Peace Dale (R.I.) Congregational Church.

Richard J. Reynolds '31, Cumberland, R.I.; Dec. 1. He founded the international People-to-People Sports Program in 1962, leading athlete exchanges in many different countries around the world. A sportswriter for the *Providence Journal-Bulletin* from 1945 until his retirement in 1977, he made more than 15,000 public speaking appearances and was inducted into the R.I. Tennis Coaches and Football halls of fame. Mr. Reynolds was the first full-time director of athletic publicity at Brown. Phi Beta Kappa. He is survived by his sister, Catherine Reynolds, of Cumberland.

H. Draper Warren '31, Maitland, Fla.; June 1993. He received an M.D. from McGill University in 1937 and was a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Army Medical Corps during World War II. He continued as a consultant to the Army and Air Force during peacetime. After several years in private practice, he was named director of medical education at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, then chief of medical services at Beckley Appalachian Regional Hospital in Beckley, W. Va. He was a fellow of the American College of Physicians. He is survived by a son.

Frederick P. Bassett Jr. '33, San Diego; Sept. 25. A retired public relations executive and journalist, he had been publicity director for the Chicago Opera and Chicago Symphony, a reporter for *The Columbus Citizen*, associate editor of *American Lumberman* magazine, and editor of *Travel and Sports World Magazine*. A former member of the *Brown Daily Herald* editorial board, he was secretary of the Brown Club of Chicago for many years. He is survived by his wife, Ruth, 422 Rosecross St., #11, San Diego 92106; and three children.

Marshall W. Allen '34, Warwick, R.I.; Dec. 15. He was a patent investigator for Brown & Sharpe for thirty-six years, retiring in 1975. A member of the reunion committee from 1964 to 1979, he was active in the Alumni Association. He is survived by his wife, Norma.

Donald O. Starrett '36, Gun Barrel City, Tex.; Feb. 5. He was assistant chief underwriter for the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. Survivors include his wife **Edith** '35, 122 3rd St., Gun Barrel City, 75147; and sister **Helen Peterson** '40.

Dorothy J. Clothier '40, Euless, Tex.; May 28. She had been the director of hospital volunteers at East Orange General Hospital in New Jersey, and was a former Sunday School teacher.

Priscilla Allen Bourne '41, Bloomfield, Conn.; Nov. 8.

Leonard McFadden '41 Ph.D., Blacksburg, Va.; Aug. 13. He was a professor of mathematics at Virginia Tech for thirty-seven years. He is survived by his wife, Margaret, 408 Dunton Dr. S.W., Blacksburg 24060; three daughters; and a son.

Peter Fratantuono '44, Cranston, R.I.; Nov. 30. After graduating from Tufts Medical School in 1950, he had a private practice in Cranston for thirty years. He served as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during World War II. He is survived by a son and a daughter.

Bradford V. Whitman '44, Rumford, R.I.; Nov. 11. He was a sales representative for the Colgate, Palmolive, & Peet Co., and a member of the Narragansett Bay Investment Club. An active member of the Alumni Association, he was president of the Association of Class Secretaries, a member of the Brown Club of Rhode Island, and a member of the Brown Navy Club. He was a U.S. Marine Corps veteran of World War II, participating in the invasions of Iwo Jima and Guam. Survivors include his wife, **Helen** '66; sons **David** '70 and **Stephen** '72; and a daughter.

H. Wilson Johnson Jr. '46, North Ogden, Utah; Jan. 16, 1995, of a heart attack. The 1946 recipient of Brown's Chemistry Prize for the most promising student in the department, he was a research chemist for Shell Development Co., Emeryville, Calif. and for Merck & Co. Inc. in Providence. He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, serving in the Pacific theater. He is survived by his wife Ruth, 481 E. 3400 North, North Ogden 84414.

Albert K. Geer '47, Tacoma, Wash.; Dec. 9. He was a patent attorney for Lockheed Aircraft Corp. in Burbank, Calif., and a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy. He is survived by a daughter, Kathleen Floyd, 6419 N. 30th St., Tacoma 98407.

William P. Polifka '47, Houston; July 8. He received an M.B.A. from Harvard, then worked as a sales manager for Foley's department store in Houston. Editor-in-chief of the *Brunsvian*, a Brown student magazine sponsored by the campus Navy Unit in 1945, he was in the U.S. Naval Reserves in 1946-47.

Edgar B. Robbins '47, New York City; May 2. He was head of Robbins Enterprises in New York City. In 1977 he established the Allen J. and Edgar B. Robbins Medical Fund to benefit medical libraries at Brown. He was a member of Brown's National Committee on Resources for Biology and Medicine. He is survived by his wife Barbara; a son, **John** '78, '81 M.D.; his brother **Allan** '51; and a niece, **Mary** '89.

William S. Dameron '48, Colorado Springs, Colo.; March 13, 1995. He was a rancher in Texas for many years. He is survived by his wife, Vicky, 1068 Hill Circle, Colorado Springs 80904.

John A. Francois '48, Scotia, N.Y.; Dec. 24, 1994. He retired as a quality control manager at General Electric, previously working as a development engineer on rocket fuels and on interior release coatings on domestic cookware. A U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, he was president of the Scotia-Glenville school board, a national disaster relief worker with the American Red Cross, a volunteer firefighter, and an active member of the Boy Scouts. He is survived by his wife, Peg, 547 Church Road, Scotia, N.Y. 12302; three sons; and a daughter.

Edward H. Glenney '49, Manchester, N.H.; Dec. 1. President of the former W.G. Glenney Co., Manchester, he was named outstanding young man of the year in Manchester in 1960, and received the distinguished community service award in 1959. He was a member of Manchester Memorial Hospital's board of trustees, the YMCA board of trustees, the Manchester Board of Education, and the Eastern Connecticut Health Network. He was a U.S. Navy Seabees veteran of World War II, serving in the South Pacific. He is survived by his wife, **Shirley Kenyon Glenney** '50, 182 Boulder Rd., Manchester 06040; and four daughters.

Egon H. Weiss '50 Sc.M., Manassas, Va.; Nov. 25. He was an engineer for IBM's federal systems division. He is survived by his wife, Nadya, 7568 Remington Rd., Manassas 22110.

Marshall L. Adams '51, Halifax, Mass.; Oct. 20, 1994.

Daniel Gerald Donovan '51, Greenwich, Conn.; Nov. 3, 1994. After extended overseas service with the U.S. Army and other government agencies, he graduated from the George Washington University law school in 1964 and entered private practice in White

Plains, N.Y. A partner in the law firm of McCarthy, Fingar, Donovan, & Glatthaar, he was a member of the board of trustees at Mary Baldwin College. He was a generous supporter of Brown athletics and the Annual Fund. He is survived by his wife, **Jane** '50, Quaker Lane, Greenwich, Conn. 06831; son **Daniel** '77; daughter **Maeve Duncan** '87; and brothers **Richard** '42 and **William** '47.

Donald M. McCorkle '51, Richmond, B.C. Before becoming head of the University of British Columbia's music department, he had been chairman of the music literature and musicology division at the University of Maryland; professor of music history at Salem College in Winston-Salem, N.C.; and director of the Moravian Music Foundation Inc.

George Wolfson '51, Stamford, Conn.; Sept. 8, of cancer. He was a retired vice president of Empire of America Relocation. A Korean War veteran, he served as a first lieutenant in the U.S. Army. He is survived by his wife, **Nancy Siderowf Wolfson** '53, 10 Fox Ridge Rd., Stamford 06903; and two daughters, including **Audrey Wolfson Forman** '77.

Alan H. Bauer '53, London; Nov. 19. A marketing executive for OMV Trading Services Ltd. in London, he was formerly general manager for Supermarine Products Co. in Raritan, N.J., and vice-president of Falconer & Schremp Advertising Associates in New York City. He had been a second lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps reserves.

Harold L. Pierson Jr. '53, Northwood, N.H.; Dec. 13. He was president of the Reliance Co. and a U.S. Air Force veteran of the Korean War. He is survived by a son and two daughters.

Howard A. Vaughan '54, St. Petersburg Beach, Fla.; Feb. 27, 1995, of cancer. He had been an adjuster for Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. and a compensation supervisor for Allstate. He is survived by his wife, Rose.

Henry M. Kelleher '55, Marco Island, Fla.; Nov. 29. After attending Boston College law school on a presidential scholarship, he was a trial attorney with the National Labor Relations Board for eleven years, then a partner with Foley, Hoag, & Eliot in Boston. He was chairman of the American Bar Association's Committee on Professional Responsibility. He is survived by his wife, Margaret, 58 N. Collier Blvd. #401, Marco Island, 33937; three sons, including **Brian** '85 and **James** '87; and a niece, **Laura** '86.

Robert W. Comery '49 A.M., '57 Ph.D., Newport, R.I.; Dec. 22. He was a professor of English literature at Rhode Island College for twenty-five years, serving as chairman of the department for many years before his retirement in 1980. In 1983 he received the college's Paul Maixner Distinguished Teach-

ing Award and was named professor emeritus. A U.S. Army veteran of World War II, he received the Purple Heart. He was a member of the Shakespeare Association, the University Club of Providence, the Rhode Island Historical Society, and the Redwood Library of Newport. He is survived by his wife, **Dorothy Haslam Comery** '43, 535 Ocean Ave., Newport 02840; and two daughters.

Joan Borden Colt '59, Westwood, Mass.; Dec. 23. She was the first woman to run for statewide office in Rhode Island, losing her bid for general treasurer in 1954. A founder of the R.I. Federation of Republican Women, she remained active in state politics until moving to Santa Barbara, Calif., in 1984. Entering Pembroke at the age of 49, Ms. Colt was one of the first adults to complete a degree program at the university. She is survived by a son, Leonard, 10 Meadow La., Little Compton, R.I. 02837; and three daughters.

William P. Woodward '61, Dubuque, Iowa; September. Before joining his brother, **Robert Jr.** '59, in running the Dubuque *Telegraph Herald* in 1965, he was an attorney for Clewell, Cooney, & Fuerste in Dubuque.

Ronald L. Duty '62 Ph.D., Gaithersburg, Md.; Dec. 5. He worked for IBM for twenty-three years before accepting a position as professor of applied mathematics and computer science at Trinity College in Washington, D.C., in 1987. He is survived by his wife of 19104 Roman Way, Gaithersburg 20879.

Antonio C. Claudio '74, Lincoln, R.I. He was an attorney with Hinckley, Allen, Salisbury, & Parsons in Providence.

Ferenc Czegledy '85, '88 M.D., Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.; Feb. 1. He was a research scientist in Columbia University's cardiology division. He is survived by his mother, Debbie, 28 Plandome Ct., Manhasset, N.Y. 11030; and a cousin, **Jody Fanto** '96.

David E. Taylor '90, Boston; Aug. 24, of cancer. He fell ill after his final year at the Yale School of Architecture, where a memorial scholarship has been set up in his name. He worked for TAMS, an architectural firm in Boston, and for *Progressive Architecture* magazine. He is survived by his parents, Michael and Ellen Taylor, 33 Laurel Circle, Sudbury, Mass. 01776; a brother; and a sister.

Katherine A. DeLeon '96, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Dec. 9, an apparent suicide. A resumed education student and a former staff writer for the *Brown Daily Herald*, she had been active in student financial aid issues at Brown. DeLeon was on leave from the University at the time of her death. ☹

FINALLY...

BY EVL GLICKSMAN '81 A.M.

The Times That Tax Our Souls

Beware the Ides of April – otherwise known as Tax Time. I should know: I've just killed two weekends and more than a few evenings scavenging receipts, getting busy signals at the tax helpline, and crawling around with a tape measure to calculate the square footage of my home office. I assess the costs of working for myself and grumble that it could all be different: paid holidays and vacations, employer-subsidized health insurance, free computer upgrades, regular paychecks, no self-employment tax, a pension program, and all the pens I could misplace. Heck, I could even find my inner child with the time I would save by not having to complete Schedule C.

Ponder the synonyms for *taxed*: burdened, drained, oppressed, exhausted, overworked, strained. This month, from Brentwood to the Bronx a divided nation groans in unison. Pencils grind, spirits break, the year flashes by in a rush of receipts and mispent capital, interest fees and withholdings. Tax season separates the extension filers from the properly postmarked, the C.P.A.s from mere mortals. To itemize or take the standard deduction? Expense or depreciate? Leave your conscience at the check-off box.

Preparing taxes becomes a Day (and Then Some) of Reckoning. First, you're reduced to measuring your life in profit and loss; not even a spring snow shower is as chilling as the reality of your adjusted gross income. Then, column by column, you must stare down bad investments, business miscalculations, and skimpy retirement contributions. Before the almighty tax table my accomplishments fade to dollars and cents, and I am reminded once more that I am an acre and a new car short of the American Dream.

Taxes, in short, can be an exercise in humiliation, a kick-in-the-teeth notice that you are not living up to your financial potential. Every year I stew that many with less education and fewer skills than I are referring to tax tables several pages past mine. And if you think annual income isn't as important as well-being, check out a Gallup poll taken for *Health* magazine in 1994. Two of three respondents said they would not take a 20-percent pay cut in exchange for a shorter work week. And no wonder: the economy of the last fifteen years has made the distinction meaningless. A 20-percent pay cut would shove most workers downward into a twilight zone of defaulted mortgages and dwindling savings. April 15 has become a national reminder that real wages haven't budged in years.

Historian Daniel Boorstin described the 1980s as a decade when people formed communities by what they owned, not by what they believed. In the nineties, though, aren't we still forming camps based on who flies coach, who

goes first class, and who takes the bus? By this measure, my community is definitely low-rent.

But as tax season ends, I decide that wearing sweatpants to work and answering only to myself is worth settling for that seat in coach class or on the bus. After all, the same Gallup poll for *Health* magazine found that 71 percent of Americans believe their jobs are a major cause of stress in their lives. I am further consoled by a survey of 1993 returns which showed that a tax filer living in San Francisco was five times more likely to get audited than was a Philadelphian. Perhaps it's our mob connections.

Still, there's one more indignity to suffer. I surrender my signatures and enclose three generous checks... only to find there is no postage supplied on the return envelopes.

Is that bad manners or what? ☹

Eve Glicksman is a freelance writer in the Philadelphia area.



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